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Dossier, edited by **Lou Stathis**, 4

The City that Didn't Exist, by **P. Christin.** Illustrated by **Enki Bilal**, 14

Tex Arcana, by **John Findley**, 21

Ranxerox, by **Tamburini.** Illustrated by **Liberatore**, 29

HM's Star Dissections, by **Drew Friedman**, 37

The Hunt for Louth, by **Jodorowsky.** Illustrated by **Arno**, 38

The Clips: Heavy Metal's First Annual Music-Video Awards, 47

Gallery: In a Word—Splendid! A Look at Rowena. Introduction by **Theodore Sturgeon**, 57

June 2050, by **Todd Klein.** Illustrated by **Murphy Anderson**, 62

Interview: Francis Ford Coppola—The Outsider, by **Robert Morales**, 63

The Odyssey, by **Francisco Navarro.** Illustrated by **José Martin Sauri**, 69

The Way of the Worlds, by **Nicola Cuti**, 77

Professor Neutron, by **Chris Lincoln**, 78

I'm Age, by **Jeff Jones**, 81

Zora, by **Fernando Fernandez**, 82

Rock Opera, by **Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.**, 92

The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner**, 96

Coming, 96

Front cover, by **Enric**

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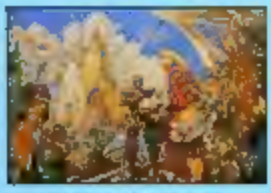

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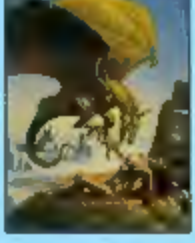

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DOSSIER

BLOW OP

Private eye Milo Milodragovitch was a world-weary, but still big-hearted and totally benign drunk when he was first introduced by novelist **James Crumley** in *The Wrong Case* (1976). Milo spends this year's ***Dancing Bear*** (Random House) in a harsh, jagged cocaine frenzy—basically as well-meaning as ever, but this time with a menacing edge that wasn't there before.

While Crumley would rather be known for his "serious" novels (a war story called **One to Count Cadence**, and another he's currently writing about his native south Texas), for the moment he'll have to settle for being the most dynamic and entertaining hard-boiled detective writer of the post-Vietnam, drugged-out, rock 'n' rolled-out, fucked - and - sucked-out American west.

Once a quiet lumber town, Milo's home base of Meriwether, Montana (modeled after Missoula, where Crumley taught creative writing) is now prime pickings for the real estate and recreation industries, as well as a crossroads for the rootless types who wander purposelessly through the west. Milo's been married five times and is well past his own and the town's peaks.

In ***The Wrong Case*** (now available only as a Fanmar/Granada British ab), Milo agrees to find the younger brother of a woman he's fallen for at first sight. What looks like a simple murder case soon involves kinky gays, hard drugs, murder, organized crime, and a family living in fear of itself. In ***The Last Good Kiss*** (Pocket Books, 1978), Crumley's detective becomes one C.W. Sughrue (at the behest of his agent, who was trying to swing two film deals at once). While Sughrue is younger and has more of a chip on his shoulder than Milo, he's similar in other respects, including his diet of speed and whiskey. (Crumley writes knowingly about the ennui and exhilaration of aimless drinking.) Sughrue starts out tracking an alcoholic hack novelist, but quickly—on the basis of one heartstopping snapshot—he's chasing impulsively all over the west after an intoxicatingly beautiful small town girl who disappeared without a clue years earlier. In both books Crumley writes disparagingly about how the west tries to reconcile its (mostly mythical) past with its (mostly synthetic) present. His books portray the west merely as a region where everything dead-ends, but Crumley says it ain't so.

"There's a kind of freedom of movement between classes you find only in the west. Even though it seems Republican, it's really democratic with a small 'd,'" he says by phone from El Paso, where he teaches part-time at the University of Texas. "You find an odd mix of people out here who are friends: rich people and poor people can be friends in the west."

James Crumley practices his hard-boiled look.

Photo © Lee Nye

Crumley became interested in the detective story when he discovered Raymond Chandler shortly after finishing his war novel. In fact, he lifted the idea for *The Wrong Case* from Chandler's *The Little Sister*, and *The Last Good Kiss* is his version of *The Long Goodbye*.

"But I'm not interested in the mystery as a puzzle, the detective as puzzle-solver, so I don't do much of that," he explains with a nervous laugh. "I think I was influenced too much by early 'Dragnet.' Remember how Joe Friday would go around and interview all these really strange people, and none were any help at all? That's what I like about the form, you can just go anywhere you want with it. And you can write those kind of awful metaphors Chandler and I use, like, 'It was as incongruous as a tarantula on a piece of angel food cake.' That part's fun."

Dancing Bear, his first novel that doesn't cannibalize Chandler, is ironically also his most disappointing. Milo is now older, more used-up, though he still tries too hard for his own good to see only the best in people. He's now working for a security agency, and fights his alcoholism by drinking only peppermint schnapps (which he hates), though his cocaine consumption has gotten out of hand. He takes what looks like a harmless freelance job from a woman who used to be his father's lover (and on whom he had a childhood crush), and the next thing he knows, cars are blowing up around him, he's stumbling onto

Anthony Burgess looks the apocalypse in the face.
Photo by Jerry Bauer

stashes of weapons and drugs, and professional muscle is out to kill him. Crumley's characters are as finely drawn as ever, but, for the first time, his disdain for plot becomes a problem, as key events fall into place too easily and implausibly. Worse, Crumley's infatuation with the coke mystique leads him to overwrite badly, to indulge in a form of literary power-tripping that ruins climactic scenes; it also undercuts his wildly black humor. *Dancing Bear*—and this is more observation than criticism—is a bleak and depressed novel.

"Yeah, well, that may be what I've done, because I'm not always in control of what's happening," he concedes. "I guess it is bleak and depressing in the sense that the world is a place where you can't live, but Milo, in the end, is staying clean, he's sober, he's living a quiet and different type of life. I see those as hopeful signs; he's looking forward to something more, and I'd like to give him that something more."

Which means that despite the ending of *Dancing Bear* (which I won't give away any more than I have), there will be more Milo novels. They'll undoubtedly carry the same tension between the serious and the frivolous. Milo will remain torn between idealism and cynicism, and the American west will remain a wide-open canvas on which characters can paint their own fantasies, illusions, and outright lies.

—John Northland

VIDEODOOM

In ***The End of the World News: An Entertainment*** (McGraw-Hill), the wily **Anthony Burgess** pretends to reject novelistic presentation for the more easily-scanned mode of TV programming, and then unreels three different plots (with several consistent themes) on three separate screens. Three screen viewing, Burgess projects, is the likely future of TV viewing—"true visual counterpoint." The three plots are derived from Burgess's choices for the three greatest achievements of this century: Freud's discovery of the unconscious, Trotsky's conception of universal socialism, and the invention of the space rocket; each of which forever changed the shape of the world. The latter is dramatized in a serio-comic epic about the end of the world—written deliberately and wittily in the vein of an Irwin Allen disaster film. Trotsky appears here in a "Broadway musical" about his 1917 visit to New York City; there's a constant breaking into song—unfortunately, there is no music supplied to animate the lyrics or visible choreography to flesh it out—and aside from the one bright spot of Trotsky's discourse on "love," it's this compendium's recurring low-point. Freud is biographed comically, as in the vein of Burgess's *Napoleon Symphony* and *ABBA ABBA* (about John Keats), and this central plot is interrupted whenever one of the others is in a position of making a thematic or stylistic comment on it—i.e., true visual counterpoint. For instance: as Freud's psychology club discusses how societal neuroses are derived from a thirst for power, Trotsky's emblematic view of himself is meanwhile outshining his own socialist doctrines, and the commander of a spaceship exodus from the doomed earth is showing unmistakable fascist tendencies.

By its very nature, *The End of the World News* is ideal for introducing those with a one-book view of Burgess to the whole protean artist: Burgess the musician, biographer, comedian, and fantasist. No one living has written so much of such high quality. In how many novels will you hear Sigmund Freud exclaim to Carl Jung, "I discovered the unconscious mind when you were still dabbling in your urine?" Burgess handles—juggles—the three great twentieth century discoveries so apparently cavalierly that it's surprising how moved one feels by the final page. Because, Trotsky and Irwin Allen notwithstanding, we are shown a spectrum of elemental truth about the human mind and human nature on an unabashedly compassionate screen—er, three screens. It's a pleasure to be reminded once again of how very good this writer can be.

—Timothy R. Lucas

ADVANCE AND BE RECOGNIZED

Jack Vance may be the best kept secret in fantasy literature. On sure, he's known as a great *science-fiction* writer—by those people who know it (never mind the jerks who are making dross like the new Asimov a best-seller)—but he's not known for his high fantasy. And yet he wrote two books of pure high fantasy which rank with Mervyn Peake, James Branch Cabell, and T. H. White—and which are better than Tolkein. Namely, *The Dying Earth* and *The Eyes of the Overworld*; two books as exquisitely tooled as Louis XIV's crown, as alive with implied history as the cold caskets in Tutankhamen's tomb. In short, they're jewelry to be read rather than worn, and yet never too ornate or precious. They are dire books, whose picaresque heroes are charmingly self-interested. There are no selfless young princes here.

And so the opening of Vance's long-awaited epic fantasy, **Lyonesse** (Berkley trade pb), is a bit off-putting, both for its lack of engaging anti-heroes and in its use of a disarmingly trite plot device. A beautiful prin-

Herbs, author Jack Vance at the helm.
Photo by David Alexander

cess. Suldrun of Lyonesse is locked away in an enchanted garden for refusing to marry a lout her father's picked for her—she's rescued from that all-too-pleasant garden by a handsome prince. Alias of Troicinet; their love is forbidden, for Troicinet is at war with Lyonesse. Pretty heavy stuff? But like a great chess master opening the game with a disarmingly conventional move, Vance lulls us with this familiar idyll—and then sweeps us into strange, madness-haunted byways and magic-shimmering episodes which make one imagine Jerzy Kosinski collaborating with the Brothers Grimm. Grotesqueries shamble side by side with biting fairy-tale delicacies; bizarre episodic fables interweave with the greater fabric of epic, rendering a Hieronymous Bosch triptych in the mind's eye of the reader. And in the background, ominously approaching like a bank of dark stormclouds, the perversely oblique war between the magicians Murgen and Tamurello makes itself chillingly felt.

Vance's description is so crystalline, his prose so evocative, his storyteller's conviction so strong, we find ourselves believing against all reason in this enchanted tale—and when the tale is done, we're sorry to have to leave it.

—John Shirley

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..YOU GET ME ?
LEO
BULERO AND PALMER ELDRITCH DISCUSS THE PHARMACEUTICAL BUSINESS

THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH

Philip K. Dick (1928-1982) reached a level of paranoia in the sixties that most of us are reaching only now! His idea of FUN was staying up all night writing these bizarre brain-twisting stories ...
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SOSUMA?
SLIME! I COULD GO FOR A LOAD!

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pot ever since.

This is bad with a superiority complex, the kind of book posing as The Gospel According To Someone Who Knew the Great Man When, that has taken itself so seriously it reached right in and pulled up my lunch. One feels that Gordon wouldn't be much surprised if an underground cult did take his message to heart, maybe like Manson took *Stranger* to max. security.

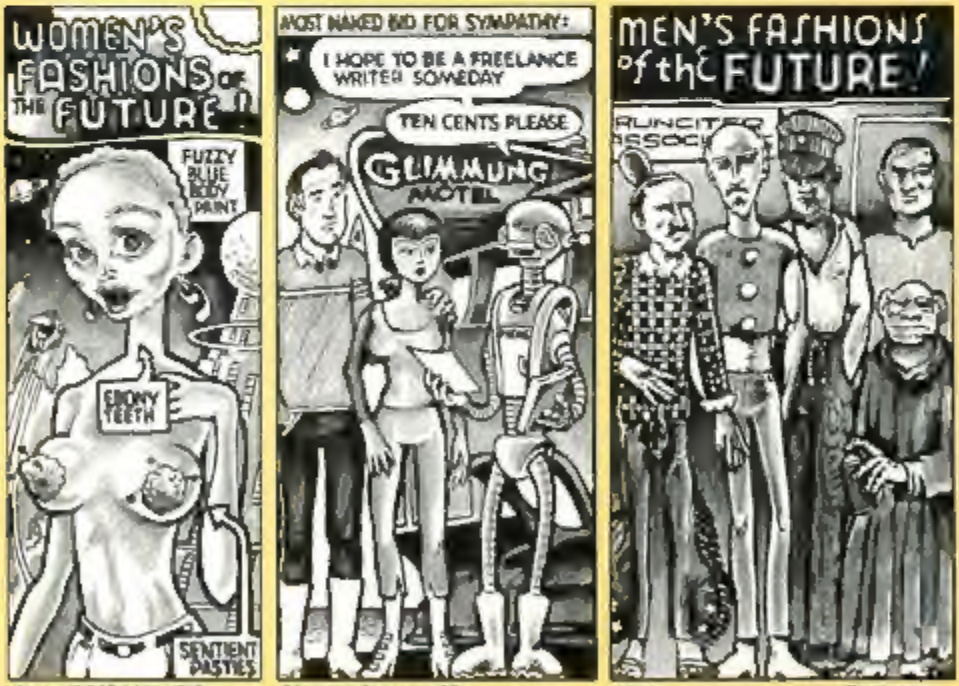
A much skinnier and less conscious foray into religiosity is **George Alec Effinger's The Wolves of Memory** (Berkley). At least it is well written, sensitively handled, and relies on character rather than demagoguery to make its story go.

No surer hand has ever been turned to this sort of material than the late **James Blish's** professional and exacting prose. Avon's series of Blish reprints (including several juvies that have never appeared in paper this side of the water) is winding up in the next few months with **Welcome to Mars**, **Jack of Eagles**, and **Anywhen**; minor Blish, but racing examples of magazine pacing nonetheless. But Blish's crowning achievement was the *After Such Knowledge* "trilogy" (actually four books) which includes two of the recent reprints, **Doctor Mirabilis** and **Black Easter**. They are arguably his best works, though freakiest and most neurotic researches into a personality that was probably his own.

Clifford Simak has had strange ups and downs in his career. While his prose is always good and journeyman-like, some of his books just don't seem to have been written by the same pensive man who wrote *All Flesh is Grass* and the classic *City*. **Out of Their Minds** (Daw), committed to paper in 1970, wags psychedelic-like paisley wallpaper—starting off with a Triceratops and Snuffy Smith, ending with Sancho Panza and

SHORT AND SOFT

There's nothing so encouraging as wading through a pile of paperbacks and dredging up something really worth a full measure of scorn. This time I was rewarded by the most over-written and under-conceived fiction to pretentiously call itself "A novel of the future" this decade: **Stuart Gordon's Smile On the Void** (Berkley), which got backed up somewhere and has been sitting on the



NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR — GALACTIC BOY-HEALER — UBIK — THE END

the Devil, with everything else thrown willy-nilly into the middle. It piques your curiosity, but all you'll get is a headache. **Cemetery World** (Daw) pulls the same cute trick, this time with lethal consequences.

Doris Piserchia's The Deadly Sky (Daw) was a pleasant surprise. I'd plodded my way, lead-footed through one or two of her previous, and though the new story similarly is nothing much, something hovers on the edge of memory long after the book has been shelved. Her ability to sketch a youngster's coming of age hits the spot. I'd like to see her try something more grounded in fact and less self-consciously poetic.

In quite another vein, **Harry Harrison** has done it again, only this time he's done it badly. **The Stainless Steel Rat For President** (Bantam) follows *The Rat Wants You!*, *The Rat's Revenge*, and *The Rat Saves the World*: pretty Yankee Doodle from an expatriate pushme-pullyou novelist. Even the old story: out of boredom or just plain carelessness, the satirical pundit has turned his wit on his own flanks, and even likeable Jim DiGriz (aka. The Rat) can't survive the body blow.

Philip K. Dick was the first modern sf writer to realize that the second half of the twentieth century owed no allegiance to the first. He is, without a doubt, one of the greats, however you tally the points, but sadly his works drift in and out of print with little consistency and no fanfare. Donald A. Wollheim (Daw) was one of Dick's earliest supporters, his editor at Ace. He deserves credit for resurrecting a shelf of the writer's work featuring the well-known, even infamous novels of Dick's drug-soaked mid-life such as **Ubik**, the tribal psycho-paranoiac conjuring of **The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch**, and the bad weirdness of **We Can Build You**, a dark belly-laugh excursion into the nature of sanity and folie.

—John Silbersack

DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

Most photographers have a thing about light. **Robert Mapplethorpe** has a thing about dark—dark rooms, dark leather, dark glasses, the dark side of anything, dark men, even dark light. A quintessential New York photographer, he hates the sun: says it gives him a headache. His idea of a nightmare is "lying in the sun—with a reflector." On the bright sunny day I'm interviewing him, he's got a

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...legitimate ... boy back, ... rules to ... leave his hermetic ... studio. It'll be easy to write him off as another ... urban countercultural ... whose ... bohemia ... as the ... an ... of ... on ... as a Hollywood ... thetic.

But then, ... well known ... photographer's ... have some ... sort of gimmick. ... Bevelle ... fashionly violence, Avedon's ... stark simple portraits, Helmut ... Newton's fancy, hetero S&M. ... Art's ... gimmick ... to what his genitalia in pictures might indicate about him ... me. ... Maybe he ... deserves ... a break. Actually, ... that's pretty much all he does get. Although he has ... for his black and white ... photographs, ... mostly of ... models, mostly black, mostly ... nude, ... have been described as fetishistic, ... pornographic and artistic, has never ... thought of them as ... high or brave, social commentary. ... Mapplethorpe simply ... and ... that ... a more direct relationship between ... artist and subject ... gets ... his subject matter ... and usually only ... Jack's ... of ... why ... the most important thing ... he does is ... of ... jerky ... level, take ... other picture ... rather ... man ... have sex ... a lot of ... drugs, but in the ... end ... is ... work is pathetic ... a little behind a camera ... and not have ... your life.

Mapplethorpe grew up ... normally ... long ... and ... had ... eyes ... opened ... they say, when ... a teenager ... he stumbled upon ... Burroughs' ... *Naked Lunch*. ... graduate ... major ... and ... began ... taking ... drugs, ... which ... was living ... with ... poet Patti ... Smith ... and ... both ... were ... becoming ... involved ... with ... Max's ... Kansas ... City. ... Mapplethorpe ... began ... to ... develop ... his ... images, ... he ... says, ... came ... quite ... willingly ... and ... not ... as ... a ... result ... of ... any ... deep ... inner ... drive ... to ... express ... his ... sexual ... psychological ... problems. ... Mapplethorpe ... says ... that ... his ... pictures ... were ... simply ... attempts ... to ... please ... his ... subjects, ... his ... clients ... and ... himself. ... Unlike ... some ... of ... his ... contemporaries, ... who ... have ... a ... high ... fashion ... work ... and ... his ... own ... art ... aside, ... Mapplethorpe ... has ... never ... possessed ... a ... weird ... sexuality. ... He ... was ... merely ... delighted ... to ... find ... people ... who ... were ... simply ... delighted ... to ... pose ... for ... his ... camera. ... He ... has ... taken ... several ... pictures ... of ... one ... subject ... who ... particularly ... got ... off ... having ... his ... cock ... tied ... to ... his ... leg. ... It ... is ... hard ... to ... think ... someone ... would ... have ... an ... orgasm ... over ... one ... of ... the ... pictures. ... Most ... of ... the ... pictures ... mean ... more ... than ... the ... desire ... underlying ... every ... image ... is ... the ... desire ... to ... please.

Thelma Lee Lyon and Robert Mapplethorpe behind those Foster Grants.
Photo: Robert Mapplethorpe

Mapplethorpe ... is ... easily ... verbal ... about ... his ... sexual ... preoccupations ... and ... it's ... that ... acceptance ... of ... himself ... and ... style ... that ... make ... his ... work ... transcend ... the ... pornographic. ... But ... he ... was ... not ... always ... the ... straight ... up ... the ... art ... world ... as ... he's ... now. ... The ... cards ... were ... stacked ... against ... his ... achieving ... style. ... Most ... of ... his

A graphite-covered Lisa Lyon flexes, in a shot not used in *Lady*.
Photo © Robert Mapplethorpe

new work is simple nudes of black men ("I love blacks, maybe cause I love cocks") which Mapplethorpe might show as his next exhibition, the catalogue of which will be laid out like a skin magazine. He's also working on a photo portrait of his friend Jack, which will take some sort of book form with the appropriately New York sheer title *Black Jack*.

Robert Mapplethorpe's favorite subject: hot-crossed-buns.
Photo © Robert Mapplethorpe

So Mapplethorpe's recent book of photos with woman bodybuilder **Lisa Lyon (Lady Viking)** is a bit uncharacteristic. But then, so's Lisa, a both muscular and beautiful woman who finds herself in the midst of a sport which, as she says, is meant for black men" (the may be the root of the Mapplethorpe involvement). With Lisa, he gets to play with the concept of "lady"-like behavior ("lady" is also street slang for cocaine; there's a shot of Lisa high fashion couture, in leather S&M gear, nude flexing her well-dressed muscles in the gym, Lisa nude on a slab dressed as a little girl. Consistently, they are all starkly simple in contrast to the subject matter. Poetically classic in composition and the poses are surprisingly formal. Like a ol Mapplethorpe's work. Hole in lips to eat contrast wouldn't call Lady porno graphic, though some of the pictures are very violent (a nude Lisa pointing a gun at her chest; there's too much in them. Then, for Mapplethorpe, who's been nicknamed "the shy pornographer," what is pornography? Next issue.

Merle Ginsberg

ABERRANT TEXANS AND JEWISH ARMADILLOS

It's often been said that the three greatest men of the last hundred years were Einstein, Marx and Freud; all three Jews. What a depressing exaggeration that is. After all, their contributions to mankind included the Atom Bomb, Communism, and head shrinking. But there are only two heroes in my book, Hank Williams and Groucho Marx. Now all Hank wasn't Jewish but his songwriting partner and pal Fred Rose was; there's no [illegible] connection.

The spirit of Hank and Groucho can be found alive in the songs and singing of **Richard "Kinky" Friedman**, a man born in Rio Duckworth, Texas, when Auschwitz was just a rumor. After a stint in the Peace Corps, where he introduced the frisbee to the natives of Somalia, Kinky emerged in the early seventies with one of the decade's finest albums, Sold American, by Friedman and the Texas Jewboys. He mixed black humor with country music in such songs as "The Ballad of Charles Whitman" (an ode to the Texas Tower sniper) and "We Reserve the Right to Refuse Service to You," a tale of a [illegible] Jewish Texas narcissistic had found a home in Southwestern folklore.

The Kinkster has just released a new album, **Under the Double Eagle** (Sunrise).

Kinky Friedman: Do they make kosher cigars in Texas?

Which brings his best material [illegible] Americana. While not specifically intended as the first P.C. (Political Correct) Kinky wrote specifically to debunk what it's like to be an American in 1982. His songs, like Kinky Park, written with Dave Frizzell and "People Who Read Rock'n' Magazine," exude a kinship with the American dreamer free of the usual corn and kitsch. For those who like Randy

Superman (Christopher Reeve) speed-reading.

[illegible] Mex [illegible] gard. I recommend [illegible] [illegible] **Rock and Pile**'s debut LP **Boredom** (Sash! Composed [illegible] popular late-seventies, west [illegible] the Dils and the Nuns) the Austin group's sound is a guitar-heavy mix of twangs and whooshes, reminiscent of a [illegible] something like Fellini [illegible] [illegible]

SEE THE MOVIE, PLAY THE GAME

What's a summer sf or space-adventure movie without [illegible] video game? With the repetition of formula action and sequel plots and the [illegible] of [illegible] from story lines, high-and low-budget special-fx hard ware epics have reduced the sf film experience to

Recruiting new writing talent for the next *Star Wars* movie.

byte-sized [illegible]-be-wiped [illegible] the same [illegible] ***Return of the Jedi*** [illegible] daddy and enough fuzzy [illegible] *Star Wars* merchandising. The other half is going directly to a **Jedi Adventure Center** [illegible] malls to play **Jedi Arena** Object: destroy the Death [illegible] torpedo. (And what happened [illegible] to the galactic empire?) vocal reward from Obi Wan Kenobi: "Remember the Force will be with you always."

[illegible] his hero Walt Disney [illegible] bent on proliferating Force [illegible] vigorous mental challenges and visually dazzling space encounters, *Return of the Jedi* regurgitates Lucas's [illegible] mech, and the quixotic no- [illegible] video-game business. TV-bred entrepreneur Lucas is [illegible] the final celluloid solution [illegible] quite actors or directors.

Continuing down the [illegible] game [illegible] **Superman III** [illegible] James Bond's thirteenth [illegible] **Octopussy** the 007 video game of spys and [illegible] parents of arcade addicts [illegible] game of the outer space [illegible] **Krull** are as exciting as a [illegible]

WarGames however wins the year's award for the [illegible] insanity of nuclear war, and its tic-tac-toe computer [illegible] instead of returning the Jedi, let's inaugurate [illegible] the unknown, fantastic, surreal and impossible [illegible] experimental astro [illegible] Earth-type flicks, and fewer [illegible] "On TV and movies, if you want to make someone die you can't," he explained [illegible] preferred playing video games [illegible] and movies. So much for the conference's B.S. that "video-games improve hand-eye coordination, develop [illegible] dead.

Daphne Davis

NAHALLYWOOD

Anyone who hasn't been living with either aborigines or young Republicans lately has probably that

They shoot in studios large enough

wallop of a string of firecrackers. Apparently when it comes to sci thinks in terms of story can almost

Mogul #1: "Uh, how about the

a reliance on prayer and Richard

your uncle's light saber!

Luke Skywalker plot proved itself a 3-D tribute to mass h Mercy. (Be the first one on your block to figure out why this movie

elevated Steve Reeves to John

Let's face it, gang, for every *E.T.* or *WarGames* there are a dozen *Airo's* and *Halloween III's*. Nobody in film-making cares about what these movies can offer aside from visuals.

Picture was being made, around the stage waiting for new script pages to trickle down from the

And this year the Disney studio (who gave new meaning to the word en

The Black Hole) spent millions of dollars on post-production effects to splice up **Something Wicked This Way Comes**, and then wound up

Not only are most of the new sf scripts knuckleheaded, but worse they rely on ripping off other

fingers crossed for **Return to Oz**, David Lynch's **Dune**, and Walter Hill's **Streets of Fire**), may I suggest that producers start ripping off other genre for their stories? You know, instead of plagiarizing *Road Warrior*

why not glom some fruitcut? Instead of refilling *Hercules*, why not redress *Tootsie*?

And so, in the true spirit of Holly-

for the 1984 summer megablock

Gunga Hot Fudge: the first ethnic

his arch rival King Murray (Sid Caesar, with the voice of James Earl Jones) and his wife, Queen Blanche (Lainie Kazan). Conan knows he's in

a desolate strip in the midwest pop

she sings sounds like the theme song of Fame, and the

Jaws in Golden Pond Family horror. Lloyd Bridges plays the head of a family of scuba divers whose underwater reunion is interrupted by the arrival of a large shark. A local scientist, Bruce Dern, dissuades Bridges from killing the creature, unwilling to communicate with the animal via charades. He succeeds. The shark's message (in the voice of James Earl Jones) is, "Two words: I'm

The Runaway Limo Fantasy-tour sym. Four tales of tourist terror as a quartet of families visit New York City

large fines result. (Although directo

happily, with the family not only get ting their car back but the arresting

Spaceship Adventures in the Hyperspherical Zone High-flying fall cuffs. Rocky Balboa (Sylvester Stal lone) blows away aboard a space shuttle filled with stowaways. The shuttle goes out of control and lands

1950s sf films. Facing a giant puppet spider, Rocky seems doomed until his

Sullivan, and Mr. T as loyal robot

Superman 4: Gulliver's man (Chris Reeve) swallows some kryptonite-laced bisco (the voice of James Earl Jones) and turns into a

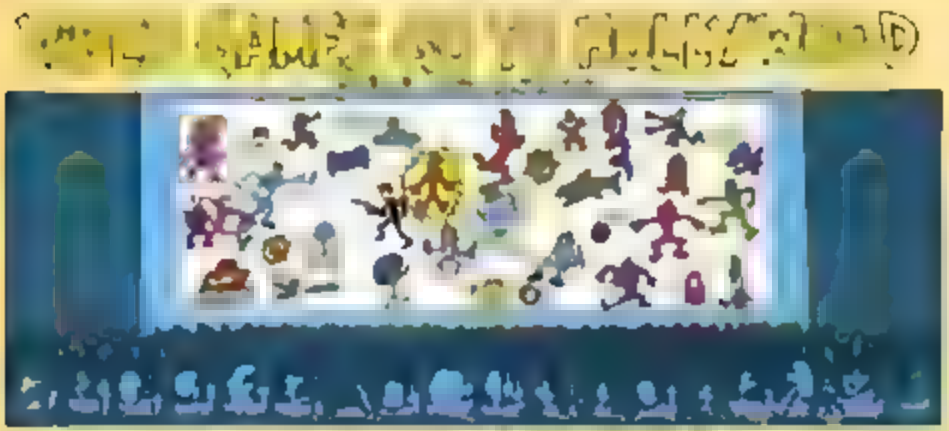
standup comic (Richard Pryor). Un able to change himself back, the new super comic earns big dollars

planet Earth, and Margot Kidder as the girl who got fired.

Moonlight at the Mall Financial fantasy. In this surprise sequel, Lulu (Mark Hamill) is trapped in a depart ment store after closing time and as sailed by high-priced memories of

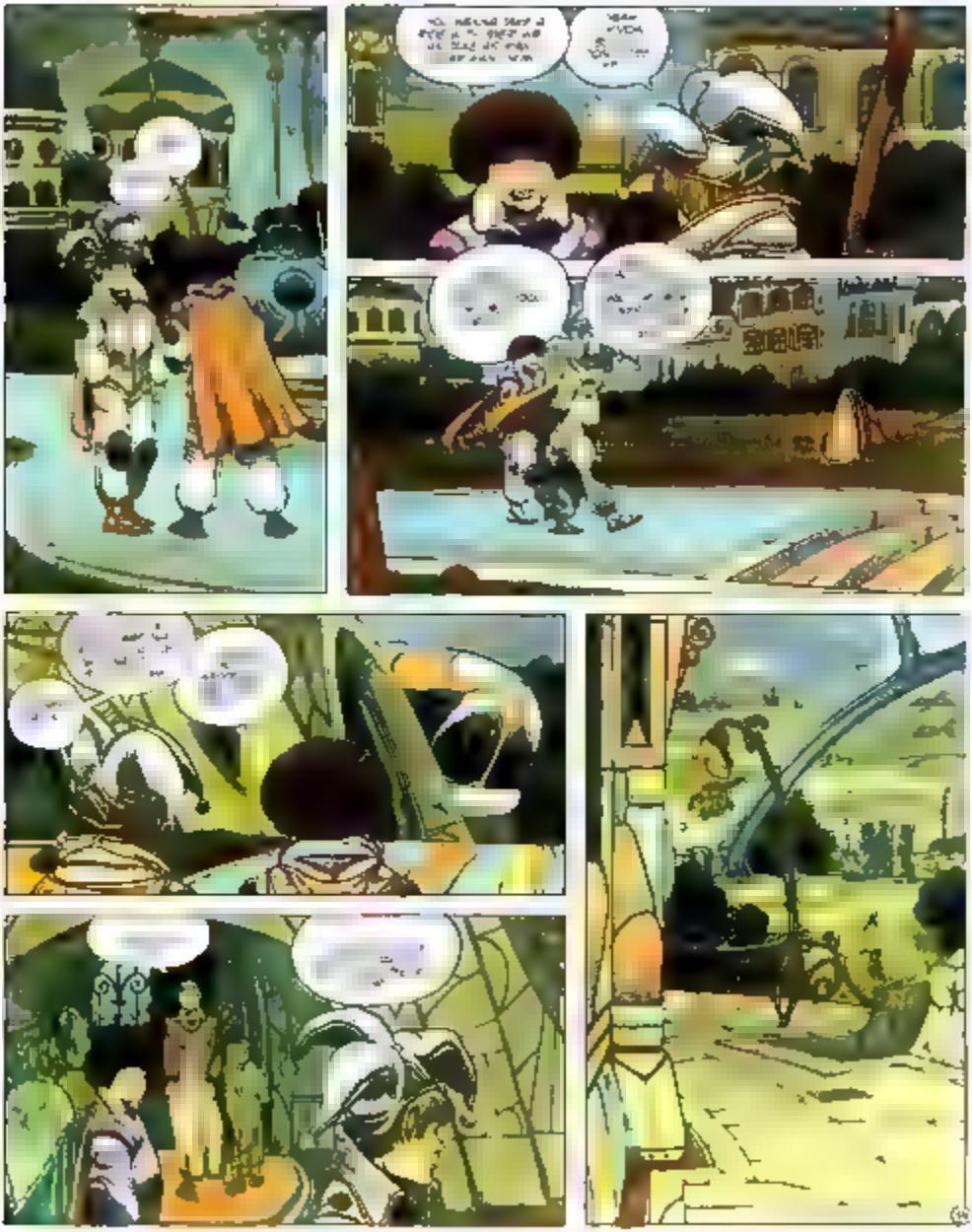
An Unsupported, Sensitive Parable Slice-of-life drama. Alan Alda plays a wise, witty, gentle-without-being

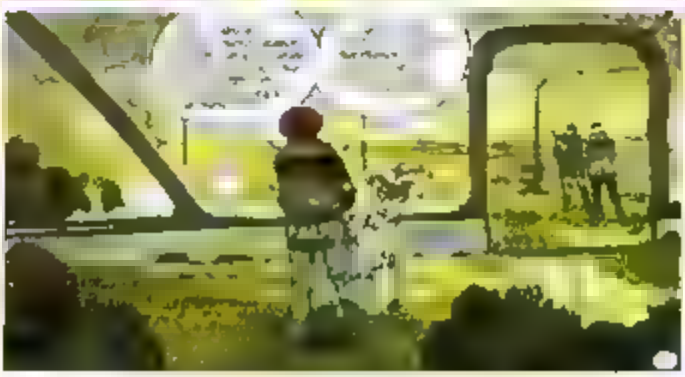
ing, caring, cheerful, optimistic clever Hardie self-assured, college educated, upwardly mobile top portive, well-adjusted mass murder er. On his first big date, he is shot to

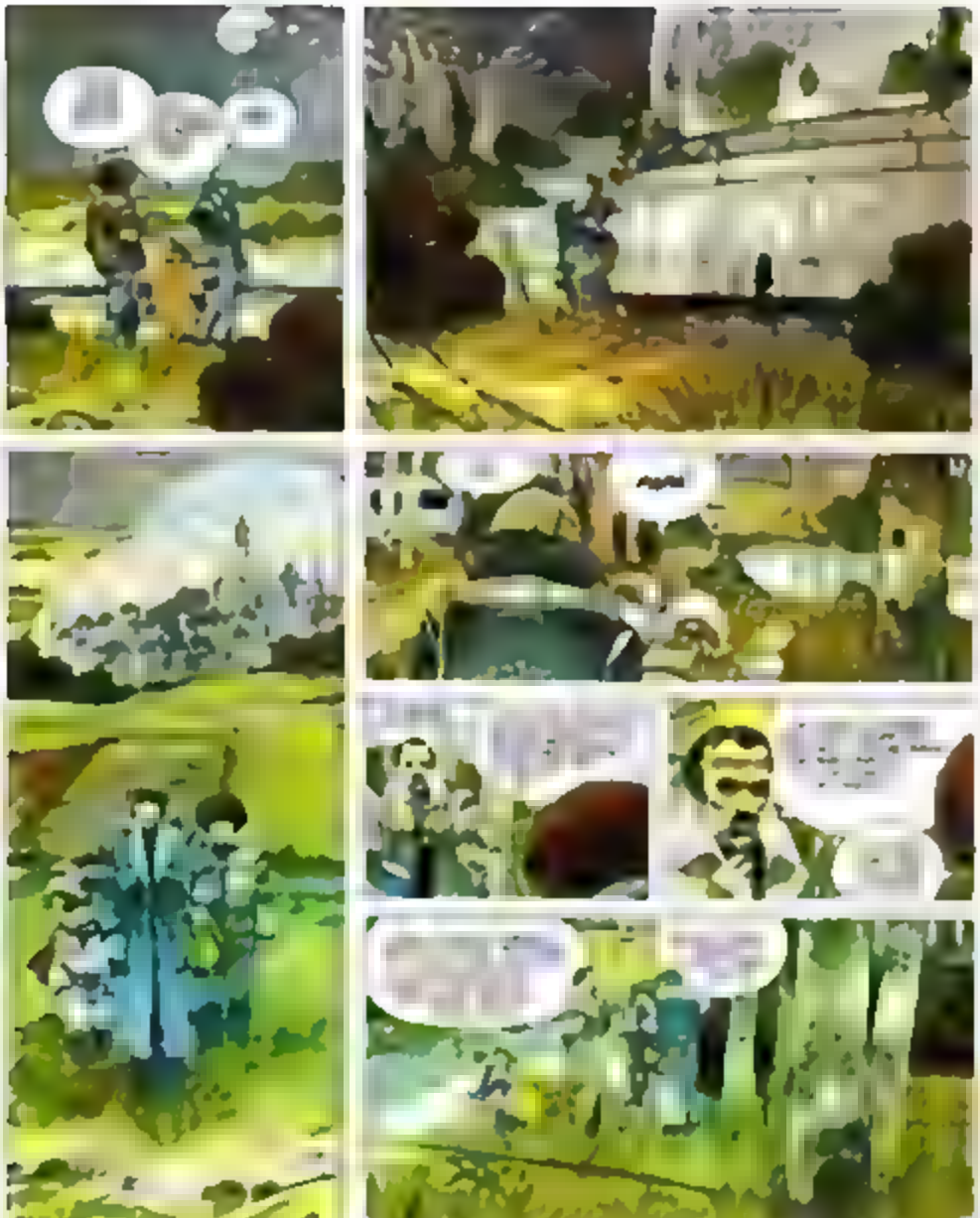


The City That Didn't Exist

by P. Christin and Enki Bilal







END

...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

Bernie Wrightson's Hangover Fiesta and his ne-er-do-well accomplice Captain Sternn. You've seen them in the magazine you've seen them on the golden screen, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for the spring season.

The newest edition of HM fantasy wear—our silver satin-like jacket, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too.

This original HM T-shirt comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. (Get more for your money that way!)

It's all in the name! Each weighty HM bronze belt buckle is 3¼" x 2" and will fit any standard belt.

New in! Heavy Metal's new phosphorescent T-shirts. These all-cotton tees are available in "Muscle" (shown) or regular style black shirts. Each are $8.00 (including postage and handling). Order today! You never know when there might be another blackout and your HM T-shirt would be the only light source for miles around!

Heavy Metal
Dept. 963
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Please send me the following item(s):

Captain Sternn T-shirts small medium large at $7.50 each

Heavy Metal T-shirts small medium large reg black at $7.50 each.

Heavy Metal jackets small medium large at $38.00 each

Heavy Metal belt buckles at $10.95 each

Phosphorescent T-shirts small medium large reg muscle at $8.00 each

All prices above include postage and handling.
New York State residents please add applicable sales tax. Total enclosed ____

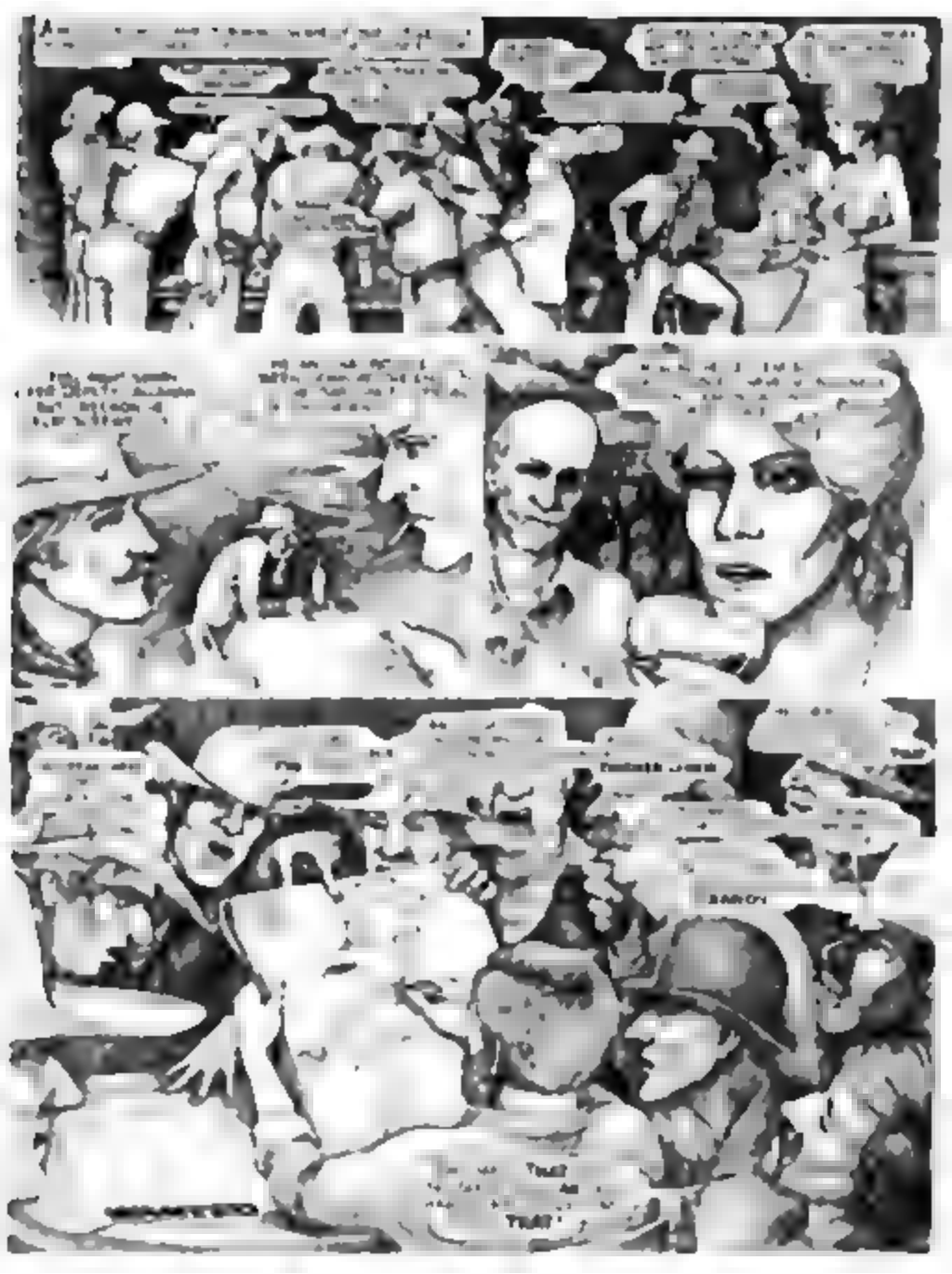
Name

Address

City State Zip

HERE LIES THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER
GOOD MORNING, DEAR READER THE SUN IS JUST NOW RISING OVER THE CORRALS AND COOPS OF THE OLD WEST
THIS IS THE MORNING BEFORE THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON, A TIME OF ACUTE DISQUIET FOR THE FOLKS DOWN ON THE RANCH
...AND A TIME OF MORDANT DREAD AMONG THE POTENTIAL VICTIMS... ROBERTS CHICKENS
IF THAT'S WHEY HAS THE BRAINS
AND NOW, PART 2 OF THE STRANGE COMPELLING
Case of the Disappearin' Chickens!
BOWED BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF LAST NIGHT'S SAVAGE DREAMS ROGER SLUMPS HIS WAY TOWARD THE HENHOUSE TO BEGIN A DAY OF CHICKEN
HOW D'YOU FIGGER ON HELPIN' TH HENBOY SWEAZ?
ERR ERGH... DUNNO THINKA UM SUMTHIN
MORNIN' LADIES. Y'ALL HUNGRY?

♩~
♩♩
GOOD MORNING
I HOPE YOU LIKE THESE THINGS
OH WE EAT EV
JUST ABOUT ANYTHING
MORNIN
SO "FULL MOON NIGHTS, WHEN THE CHILDREN DISAPPEAR DOESN'T ANYONE KEEP A GOOD"
BUT WHEN THE MOON
EVER TRIED WE SIT BY THE WINDOW
HOW DO YOU SAY AN
THAT
SPELL
OH HOW
MY LOVE
WE HAVE GUESTS!



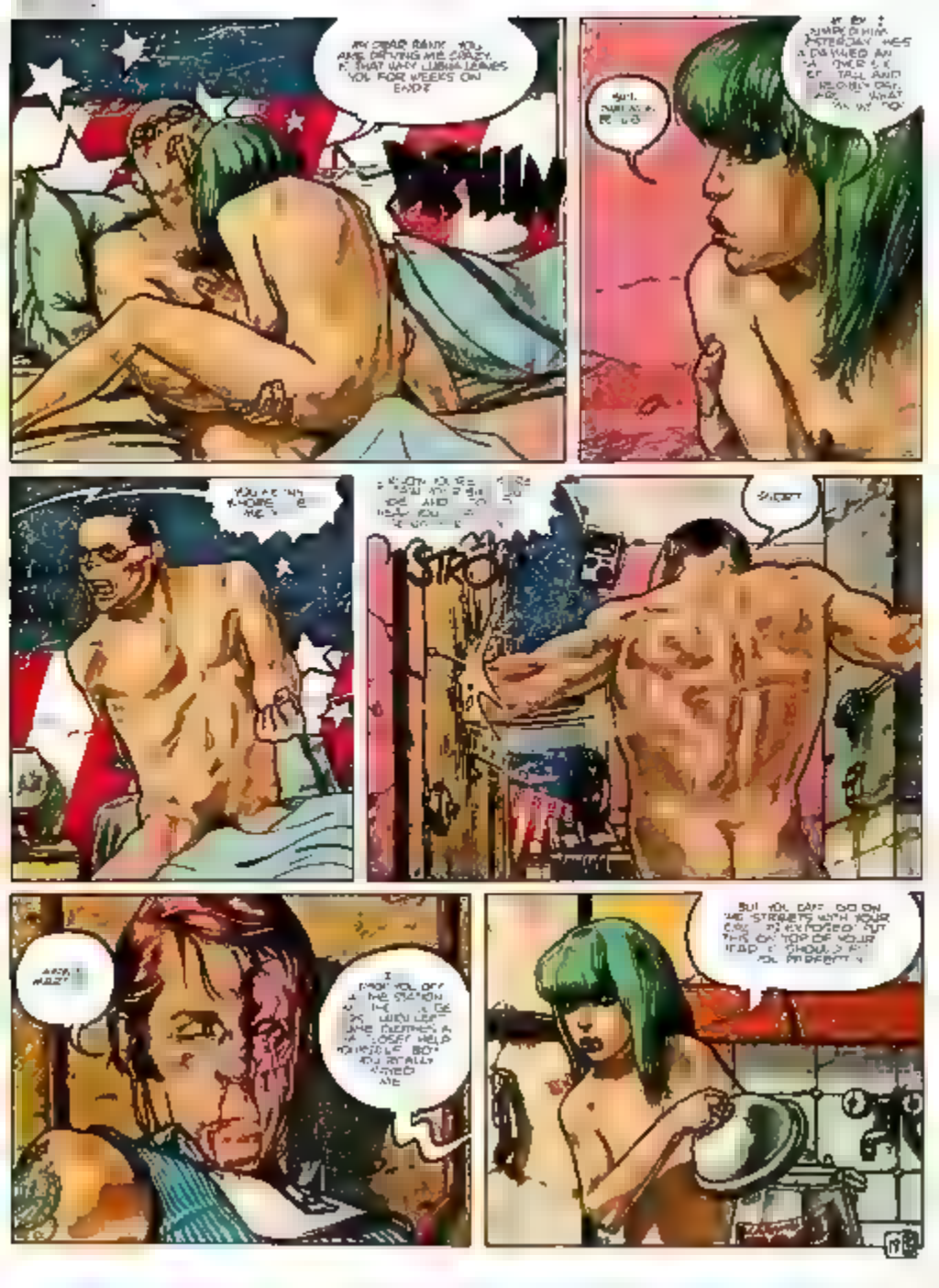
AND OUTSIDE
I THOUGHT LOCO TRUST
THEY WILL BE BACK
PARTS

MEANWHILE
WHAT'S HE DOIN' NOW?
HE WISHES TO KNOW HOW MANY HE WILL LOSE SO EACH TIME HE COUNTS HIS CHICKENS.
BEFORE THEY'RE SNATCHED... HMPH. DIDJ SAY THAT?
HERP. LET'S YOU AN ME TAKE A LOOK AROUND
TONIGHT I'M GONNA HIDE IN THIS ARROYO I CAN SEE THE BACK AND NORTH SIDE O' THE HEN-HOUSE FROM THIS TURNDANGLE HERE
UH, RIGHT
ARROYO? TURNDANGLE?
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THE FRONT OF THE HENHOUSE AN THE YARD FROM UP THERE
SOUNDS GOOD
SO, TONIGHT JUST GO TO BED AS USUAL HERPAN I'LL KEEP WATCH.

C'MON... DO YOU FER REAL THINK HE'S GONNA LEND A HORSE WHEN YOU TELL
HORSE? WELL, YEAH

RANXEROX
STUNF
SCREEK

AH HEAD IT JUST WANNA RECEIVE MY LOVED
YOU'RE STILL FEELING PRETTY BAD, HUH? DON'T WORRY YOU, I AM SOLDIERS MEDICINE WOMAN SO I'LL FIX YOU UP MY BIG DEAR BOBBY
HERE IT WAS, YOUR EMOTIONAL TERMINALS AND YOUR SMELL BUTTON WAS A BIT DAMAGED
WHERE
SO WITH
NE


MY DEAR FRANK, YOU ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY. IF THAT WAY LUBNA LEAVES YOU FOR WEEKS ON END!
BUT, DARLING, BE LIKE THAT!
YOU ARE MY HOME, MY
STRONG
SHORT
BUT, YOU CAN'T GO ON THE STREETS WITH YOUR COCK EXPOSED! PUT THIS ON TOP OF YOUR HEAD IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE PROSECUTED!

AHA! ARE YOU DONE YET?
ROAR
MY BATTERY IS RUNNING DOWN. IF CAN PLUG MYSELF INTO HERE, I CAN RECHARGE. IT HAS THE VOLTAGE IS THE SAME AS MINE.
HERE'S THE BATTERY. I CAN'T PUT IT IN MYSELF. HELP ME PLACE IT IN THE OPENING IN MY BACK.
LOOK, OPEN HERE. HURRY UP ONCE YOU TAKE IT OFF BE CAUSE I'LL BE INCAPACITATED UNTIL YOU PUT THE BATTERY IN. HURRY UP THEN.
NINJA
WE DON'T HAVE TIME. WHO KNOWS HOW MANY MORE ARE COMING. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
NAH. I FUCKIN' HERE'S ONE! EIGHTEEN, LET'S GO BEAT HIM UP A WAY WE'VE GOT THE HIS SECRET TECHNIQUE.

FRIZZ
BAMMGM!

HMs STAR DISSECTIONS

The Hunt for Louth
by Arno and Jodorowsky

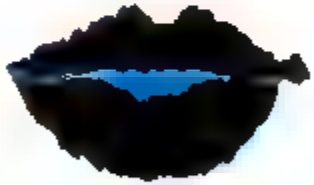
EEAAAAH
GRAAK
HIIIIIRK
AAARH

TUM
TUTUM
A FEW YEARS LATER
THIS TIME WE'VE GOT
TUM TUTUM
TUM
TUM TUTUM
TUM
TUM
HE'S GONE STRAIGHT INTO THE EL TORTURE

RHAMNUS!
NOW!
RHAMNUS!

SHAKA
EVANE

THE CLIPS



Nineteen eighty-two to 1983 saw the coming of age of a new form of visual entertainment: music video. Vibrant, eccentric and often-times irreverent, music video has transformed itself in less than six years from a promotional phenomenon to an art form. Hardly a week passes without a tv story, magazine feature, or nightclub event that explores the videomatic age. Even museums have jumped aboard, adding music-videos to their permanent collections. And, of course, the biggest showcase of them all, MTV, blares out rock video twenty-four hours a day.

Although music-videos were originally intended for promotion, and financing is still primarily footed by record companies, motivations are changing. Producers and directors no longer think about product, but art. Each one seeks to create a work that will be remembered and watched, over and over again. They have let their imaginations take over and their fantasies run wild.

Fantasy is what *Heavy Metal* is all about. HM is roughly the same age as the music-video and since its birth six years ago has grown into an international leader in the field of illustrated fantasy. Since the beginning of 1982, we have begun extensive coverage of music-videos within the confines of Dossier. We've been taken with the creativity that is surging forth from the field and feel that fantasy links the art of illustration with the sensation of the music-video.

In creating "The Clips," *Heavy Metal*'s first annual awards for excellence in music video, HM has spent the last year chasing the video scene in a variety of ways: in-house screenings, museum shows, festivals in New York, Los Angeles, London, and Washington, award presentations, bi-coastal conventions, club-slumming, visual-retentive MTV watching, late night cable viewing of such shows as "Night Flight," "Video Soul," HBO's "Video Jukebox," Showtime's "Take Five," The Video Music Channel, and, yes, even Casey Kasem's "America's Top Ten."

A far sighted HM staff proceeded to nominate outstanding works. A music-video was considered if it was an audio-visual work produced with the intent to combine music and images as equals and contained only one piece of music less than ten minutes in length. The music video had to be produced and/or distributed in the U.S. during 1982. (Please note: this year the deadline was extended to April 1, 1983.

HM endeavored to consider entries from all sources and from all aspects of video life: the art world and the rock scene; whether black, country, big budget, low budget, etc. In creating award categories we recognized production excellence and tried not to "ghettoize" the categories according to radio's often frustrating musical segmentation and industry sales charts.

An award was also given to the best music-video compilation, a video LP or collection of music videos with at least three segments and not less than fifteen minutes in length. Special awards were given in two categories: Best Music Video Graphics and Hall of Fame awards to recognize extraordinary achievements outside the realm of competition.

The real emphasis of the awards is on the non-literal conceptual approach, where the sound and visuals combine synergistically to create a new whole, where lyrics were not translated with "news footage" accuracy but turned into beataphors, and where state-of-the-art abstract visuals and effects, integrated with purpose and literary intent, take full advantage of the video medium.

The following nominees and winners represent a range of music-video creativity which, when visualized together, clearly shows the emergence of this art form. It has burst forth with the same energy and excitement as rock 'n' roll once did and holds the same potential to create change as the arts always have.

Music has been looking in the wrong place for the next "Sgt. Pepper." It won't come on record, but in a short audio-visual package of sight and sound. Call it video-music, call it promotion—we call it "The Clips."

Alan Hecht
Chairman of the Judges

THE CLIPS
Heavy Metal's First Annual Awards
for Excellence in Music-Video

MUSIC-VIDEO OF THE YEAR

Shock the Monkey, *Peter Gabriel* (Geffen)
Produced by Chrissie Smith for Millaney, Grant, Mallet, and Mulcahy
Directed by Brian Grant

Other nominees:

Hungry Like a Wolf *Duran Duran* (Capitol)
Produced by Eric Fellner for MGMM
Directed by *Russell Mulcahy*

Billie Jean, *Michael Jackson* (Epic)
Produced by Simon Fields
Directed by Steve Barron

Siberia, *Love of Life Orchestra* (Antarctica)
Produced and Directed by Kit Fitzgerald and Jon Sanborn

Come on Eileen, *Dexy's Midnight Runners* (Polygram)
Produced by Lynn Miller for Limelight Productions
Directed by Julien Temple

"Cover me when I sleep," sings Peter Gabriel while we stare at his face painted in tribal, kabuki-like design. Gabriel is trapped in a cell, stone walls and a bare wooden table his only companions as he wails his enigmatic tune. Driven and provoked, *Shock the Monkey* is a bewitching clip that succeeds where others fail.

How did a clip like *Shock the Monkey* burst out of someone's imagination? The basis of the work, Gabriel's lyrics, were the creation of an individual who, through his work alone and with Genesis, has always been a delight to the eyes. Gabriel on stage is an intriguing performer, always on, and always compelling. The visual

translation of his work was a new process that he entrusted to pioneering video director Brian Grant.

"I didn't look at the track with any preconceived notions," reflected Grant. "I just thought about basic instincts 'Don't monkey with the monkey' was the key phrase for me."

Although Grant recalled that the process by which he came up with the visual concept was "difficult to put into words," he remembered his first vision of it— "I saw someone in a normal situation who lives in a sterile environment and suddenly he's taken from this pure white room into a primeval nightmare."

To shoot the piece, Grant and Gabriel trooped off to Epping Forest, an English location with a history of mythical happenings. And when Grant asked Gabriel to dunk himself into a freezing pond of muddy ooze for the clip's climax, Gabriel the actor never flinched. "In fact," says Grant, "he asked to do it again!"

Total originality of concept, well-executed production design, powerful acting and direction, and a chilling soundtrack were the qualities that pushed *Shock the Monkey* to the top of this year's Clips awards. It's not a light piece—it disturbs and agitates. You don't want to snuggle up to its devilish imagery of a wild monkey, a businessman out of control and a dark alter-ego that spills out your inner fears. But *Shock the Monkey* stands as a work of art, probing and provocative. A moving illustrated fantasy of alienation among the ruins of white collar life.

B. H.

BEST DIRECTOR

Russell Mulcahy for *Allentown*, Billy Joel (CBS)
Produced by Jackie Adams for MGMM

Other nominees:

Steve Barron for *Breaking Us in Two*, Joe Jackson (A&M)
Produced by Lyna Miller for Limelight Productions

Tony Stevens and Men at Work for *Be Good Johnny*, Men at Work (CBS)
Produced by Tony Stevens for Kali Productions

Gerald V. Casale for *Through Being Cool*, Devo (Warner Brothers)
Produced by Chuck Statler and Gerald V. Casale for Devovision

Thomas Dolby for *She Blinded Me with Science*, Thomas Dolby (Capitol)
Produced by Siobhan Barron for Limelight Productions

In the world of music-video, Russell Mulcahy is everywhere. Even in videos he didn't direct, his influence is clear. Surrealism, exotic locations, provocative people, spirited editing, multi-motion action, and musical dance numbers are some of Mulcahy's stylistic trademarks that are often integrated into the works of other music-video artists.

Russell Mulcahy, the video director, burst full grown upon the music-video world with the 1979 release of the Buggles's *Video Killed the Radio Star*. The clip pushed the single to the top of every major music market chart except the U.S. where it has recently been re-released. The work displayed the sharp editing style which Mulcahy learned as a film editor for the network news in his native Australia. It's conceptual kinkiness contained the flights of fantasy that he had developed in shorts such as *Combined Strindlashes*, which won the 1975 Sydney Film Festival.

Since the Buggles, Mulcahy's "midas touch" has benefited an amazing array of artists. From superstars (Rolling Stones, Rod Stewart, Fleetwood Mac, Elton John, Supertramp, Billy Joel) to new music artists who have sprung to life under his video direction (Duran Duran, Ultravox, Motels, Spandau Ballet), Mulcahy has contributed a style that has dazzled even the casual viewer.

One is always struck with the inimitable pace of Mulcahy's editing. Mulcahy does not buzz indiscriminately from image to image leaving the viewer with only blinking lights and sound. Instead, he knows when to linger on a scene and when to accelerate the pace, when to cut on the beat and more often than not, when to take chances with the viewer's expectations and cut around the beat.

Dance and musical production numbers have played an increasingly important role in Mulcahy's latest works. The director has always choreographed group movements from the bizarre members of Kim Carnes's court in *Bette Davis Eyes* to the prancing steps of *Ivo*. But in *Young Turks* (Rod Stewart), *Gypsy* (Fleetwood Mac), *It's Raining Again* (Supertramp), and *Allentown* (Billy Joel), Mulcahy has

staged major dance numbers that suggest he's looking to combine Bob Fosse with Busby Berkely.

In *Allentown*, Mulcahy displays perhaps the most vital aspect of his style—his ability to evoke performances that connect. It is a poignant tale of miners, Vietnam veterans, and conflict in the eighties, all set in a depression-era atmosphere. Mulcahy moves his actors and actresses around a suggestive studio set with purpose and sensitivity. He casts Joel perfectly as the bobo troubadour on the sidelines of the action.

With Billy Joel, Mulcahy finally had the chance to work with a master storyteller who not only gave him the freedom to translate the song but the financial support for his elaborate visualization. The collaboration, *Allentown*, is a tour-de-force clip by the video director who has shaped the creative course of music-video.

A. H.

Rock the Casbah: Desert, oil wells, and an armadillo in this ode [illegible].

BEST PERFORMANCE: GROUP

The Clash for *Rock the Casbah* (Epic)
Produced and Directed by Don Letts and John Hazard

Other nominees:

Duran Duran for *Rio* (Capitol)
Produced by Jackie Adams for MGMM
Directed by Russell Mulcahy

Human League for *Don't You Want Me Baby (Addit)*
Produced by Siobhan Barron for Limelight Productions
Directed by Steve Barron

Rick James & The Temptations for *Standing on the Top* (Motown)
Produced and Directed by Nancy Leivska and Ric Trader for Motown Productions

ABC for *Poison Arrow* (Polygram)
Produced by Siobhan Barron for Limelight Productions
Directed by Julien Temple

Ear to the Ground: David Van Tieghem's long face and flashing hands lead the way through the streets of lower Manhattan.

BEST PERFORMANCE: MALE

David Van Tieghem for *Ear to the Ground* (Antarctica/EAI)
Produced and Directed by Kit Fitzgerald and Jon Sanborn

Other nominees:

Prince for *Little Red Corvette* (Warner Brothers)
Produced by Beth Broday
Directed by Brian Greenberg

Adam Ant for *Goody Two Shoes* (Epic)
Produced by Mike Mansfield
Directed by Mike Mansfield

Captain Beefheart for *Ice Cream for Crow* (Epic)
Produced by Ken Shreiber
Directed by Don Van Vliet and Ken Shreiber

Phil Collins for *You Can't Hurry Love* (Atlantic)
Produced and Directed by Stuart Orme

Mickey: Toni Basil and her troupe in cheerleader action are guaranteed to get you on the dance floor.

BEST PERFORMANCE: FEMALE

Toni Basil for *Mickey* (Chrysalis)
Produced by Simon Lait
Directed by Toni Basil

Other nominees:

Stevie Nicks for *Gypsy*, Fleetwood Mac (Warner Brothers)
Produced by Eric Fellner for MGMM
Directed by Russell Mulcahy

Wendy O'Williams for *The Damned*. Pussmatics (Capitol)
Produced and Directed by Rod Swenson

Rosanne Cash for *I Wonder* (CBS)
Produced by Michael Nesmith for Pacific Arts
Directed by Bill Dear

Diana Ross for *Mirror Mirror* (RCA)
Produced by Chris Saffer
Directed by Marty Callner

BEST EDITING

Tim Waddell for *Rio*, Duran Duran (Capitol)
Produced by Jackie Adams for MGMM
Directed by Russell Mulcahy

Other nominees:

Terry Bennell for *Billie Jean*, Michael Jackson (Epic)
Produced by Simon Fields
Directed by Steve Barron

Dean Winkler for *Big Electric Cat*, Adrian Belew (Island)
Produced and Directed by Kit Fitzgerald, Jon Sanborn, and Dean Winkler

Ron Hays and **Adam Paulsen** for *Let's Groove*, EWF (CBS)
Produced and Directed by Michael Schultz for Crystalite Productions

Coco Conn for *Everybody Wants You*, Billy Squier (Capitol)
Produced and Directed by Peter and Coco Conn for Homer & Associates

Rio: Lovely, lilting jet-set clip with nonstop visual action.

BEST VIDEOGRAPHY/CINEMATOGRAPHY

Oliver Stapleton for *Don't You Want Me Baby*, Human League (A&M)
Produced by Siobhan Barron for Limelight Productions
Directed by Steve Barron

Other nominees:

Nick Knowland for *Rio*, Duran Duran (Capitol)
Produced by Jackie Adams for MGMM
Directed by Russell Mulcahy

John Metcalfe for *Shock the Monkey*, Peter Gabriel (Geffen)
Produced by Chrissie Smith for MGMM
Directed by Brian Grant

Marc Felperlaan for *Twilight Zone*, Golden Earring (Polygram)
Produced and Directed by Dick Maas for Red Bullet Productions

Oliver Stapleton for *Joan of Arc*, OMD (Epic)
Produced by Siobhan Barron for Limelight Productions
Directed by Steve Barron

Don't You Want Me Baby: Oliver Stapleton floats his camera through this behind-the-scenes scenario of love lost.

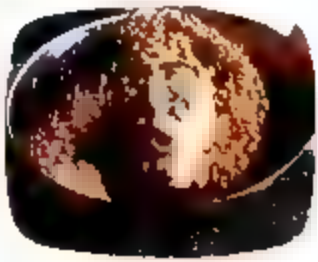
BEST ART DIRECTION

The Wolfe Company for *Mexican Radio*, Wall of Voodoo (IRS)
Produced and Directed by Francis Delia for the Wolfe Company

Other nominees:

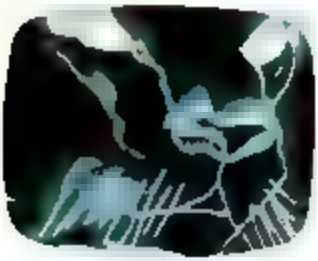
Bryce Walmsley for *Pressure*, Billy Joel (CBS)
Produced by Jackie Adams for MGMM
Directed by Russell Mulcahy

Myrna Van Gilst for *Twilight Zone*, Golden Earring (Polygram)
Produced and Directed by Dick Maas for Red Bullet Productions

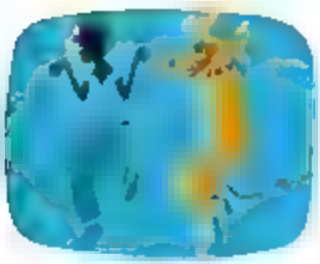


Mexican Radio: A door in the desert, a roasting iguana, and the crush of Mexican life energizes this kinky jam. Wall of Voodoo wail away unperturbed by the visual kaleidoscope which surrounds them.

Rustic A skinny ballerina and Russian soldiers dance the Siberian sidestep in this viral language clip.



Big Electric Cat A big cat, a pussy cat, and abstract action mark this electronic wonderland.



Genius of Love Killer song and kiddie cartoon in the combo here.

Other nominees:

Bruce Hill for *Billie Jean*, Michael Jackson (Epic)
Produced by Simon Fields
Directed by Steve Barron

Todd Rundgren for *Feet Don't Fail Me Now*, Utopia (Network)
Produced and Directed by Todd Rundgren

BEST CHOREOGRAPHY

Wendy Biller for *Rustic*, Jesse Rae (Sony Video 45)
Produced by Jesse Rae for Scotland Video
Directed by Jesse Rae and Woody Wilson

Other nominees:

Arlene Phillips and Hot Gossip for *Hot Child in the City*, Kenny Everett Video Show (Thorn-EMI Video)
Produced and Directed by David Mallet

Kenny Ortega for *I'm So Excited*, Pointer Sisters (Planet)
Produced by Jacqui Byford and Fiona Fitzherbert
Directed by Kenny Ortega

Toni Basil for *Be Stiff*, Tony Basil (Chrysalis)
Produced by Simon Lait
Directed by Toni Basil

Kenny Ortega for *Allentown*, Billy Joel (CBS)
Produced by Jackie Adams for MGMM
Directed by Russell Mulcahy

BEST SPECIAL EFFECTS

Dean Winkler, Jon Sanborn, and Kit Fitzgerald for *Big Electric Cat*, Adrian Belew (Island)
Produced and Directed by Kit Fitzgerald, Jon Sanborn, and Dean Winkler

Other nominees:

Devovision for *Peek-A-Boo*, Devo (Warner Brothers)
Produced by Chuck Statler and Gerald V. Casale
Directed by Gerald V. Casale

Joe Dea, Rick Lazarini, Laveron Vermuele, Chris Vincent, and Syd Terror for *Jeopardy*, Greg Kihn (Elektra)
Produced by Tawn Mastrey and Rebecca Stephenson for LIPS
Directed by Joe Dea

Peter Conn for *Everybody Wants You*, Billy Squier (Capitol)
Produced and Directed by Peter and Coen Conn for Homer & Associates

BEST ANIMATION

Keith Graham, Anabelle Jankel, Rocky Morton, Sarah Vincent, and Gail Wright for *Genius of Love*, Tom Tom Club (Warner Brothers)
Produced by Andy Morahan for Cucumber Studios
Directed by Anabelle Jankel and Rocky Morton

Other nominees:

Anabelle Jankel and Rocky Morton for *New Frontier*, Donald Fagen (WB)
Produced by Andy Morahan for Cucumber Studios
Directed by Anabelle Jankel and Rocky Morton

Wes Takahashi for *The Art of Being Polite*, Residents (Ralph)
Produced by Ralph Records
Directed by the Residents

Kit Fitzgerald, Jon Sanborn, and Dean Winkler for *Big Electric Cat*, Adrian Belew (Island)
Produced and Directed by Kit Fitzgerald, Jon Sanborn, and Dean Winkler

Georganne Deen for *Freeze Frame*, J. Geils (EMI)
Produced and Directed by Paul Justman

BEST MUSIC-VIDEO COMPILATION

The Tubes Video, The Tubes
Produced by Lexi Godfrey
Directed by Russell Mulcahy
Thorn-EMI Video (Cassette)
Pioneer Artists (Disc)

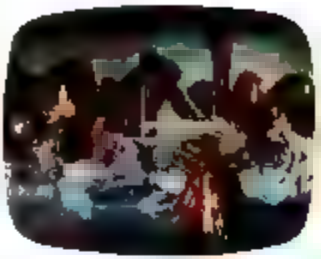
Other nominees:

Word of Mouth, Toni Basil
Produced by Simon Lait
Directed by Toni Basil
Chrysalis Video

New Video from Antarctica, Various
Produced by Kit Fitzgerald, Jon Sanborn, and Peter Gordon
Directed by Kit Fitzgerald and Jon Sanborn
Antarctica/EAI

Physical, Olivia Newton-John
Produced by Scott Millaney
Directed by Brian Grant
MCA Home Video

Complete Madness, Madness
Produced by Dave Robinson
Directed by Dave Robinson



The Tubes Video. Based on the Tubes' Completion Principle Backwards, this video LP is bathed in eerie blue light, eroticism, and confrontations with violence.

HALL OF FAME

Ashes to Ashes, David Bowie
Produced and Directed by David Bowie and David Mallet
RCA

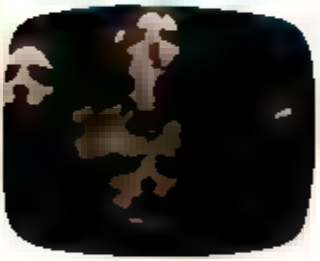
Video Killed the Radio Star, Buggles
Produced by Lexi Godfrey
Directed by Russell Mulcahy
Island

Pop Muzik, M
Produced by Scott Millaney
Directed by Brian Grant
Warner Brothers

Lake Placid '80, Various
Produced and Directed by Nam June Paik
Electronics Arts Intermix

Bohemian Rhapsody, Queen
Produced by Lexi Godfrey
Directed by Bruce Gowers
Elektra

In establishing a Music-Video Hall of Fame, HM looked to document the creative development in clips from an historical perspective. Clips began as performance pieces in tv shows and film musicals. In programs like "Shindig" or "Hullabaloo," artists often gave lip-synch performances of their popular songs.



Somehow the artists were out on the street or posing the beaches looking starry-eyed and acting with romance. Elvis movies and beach party films provided the inspiration for the musical production numbers that appear in today's music videos.

Excerpts from these performances and simple promotional tapes of the artists were exported across the Atlantic in lieu of costly tours. In England, Top of the Pops, the venerable chart show, was an outlet for these clips and the creation of new video performances by U.K. stars. The chart show format was spun off in various European countries and promotional tapes made the rounds. European artists also began sending themselves to the U.S. via video.

For the most part, the promotional tapes were performance oriented and had little or no conceptual basis. The idea was simply to get the band across, not necessarily to enhance the song and certainly not to create a work of art. In 1977 however, it all began to change.

Queen, an unknown band with a quirky single called "Bohemian Rhapsody" wallowing at the bottom of the charts, decided to try a new approach to expose their music. Together with director Bruce Gowers they created a conceptual video that visualized the multi-part vocal harmonies of their song. Soon after its initial showing on Top of the Pops, the song shot to number one and Bohemian Rhapsody became an international success. Queen's approach, a conceptual performance piece, had an electrifying effect on the music industry, not so much because artists hadn't thought of doing creative pieces before, but because record companies were now willing to finance conceptual videos.

Lights Kissed the Radio Star by the Buggles followed in importance and brought to prominence the late leading director Russell Mulcahy. Again a totally unknown band rose to the top of the charts on the strength of a conceptual clip. This one had such a peripheral effect on that it was used to launch MTV. At about the same time Pop Muzik by M arrived and launched the careers of producer Scott Mathews and director Brian Grant. Mathews-Grant Productions quickly became the leader in a British wave of video creators.

From another direction, the influence of video art was felt later on the clip scene. In Light Flight II, Nam June Paik, the pioneering video artist and inventor of one of the first video synthesizers, matched his extraordinary coloring and layering techniques with images from the movie. Nyman and Mick Rydon's "Duet with One Piano." Whereas before video art had used drone music as soundtracks, Paik with his witty, irreverent style proved that video art could be both experimental and fun. His synthesized style is still being imitated all over the world.

Finally, though not quite chronologically, there's David Bowie. Already established as being a pioneer visual artist through his multiple stage personas, Bowie collaborated with director David Mallet ("Kenny Everett Video Show") to produce the haunting Ashes to Ashes. Together they created a masterpiece filled with eerie electronic landscapes, bizarre costumes, and a memorable Bowie performance.

In bestowing these Hall of Fame awards, IEM pays tribute to the forces of creativity that built the foundation for the music video explosion of the eighties.

AH

BEST MUSIC VIDEO GRAPHIC
MTV
Creative Directors/Producers: Fred Seibert and Alan Goodman
Logo Design: Manhattan Design

"What else can we say about the MTV logo except 'It Rules.'"

Credits & Acknowledgements

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Special thanks to: Lucas Communications, Lindsay Cavanaugh, Mary Wells, Candy Burgess.

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In a Word—Splendid! A Look at Rowena Gallery

Rowena Morrill

the art exhibits I encountered at conventions.

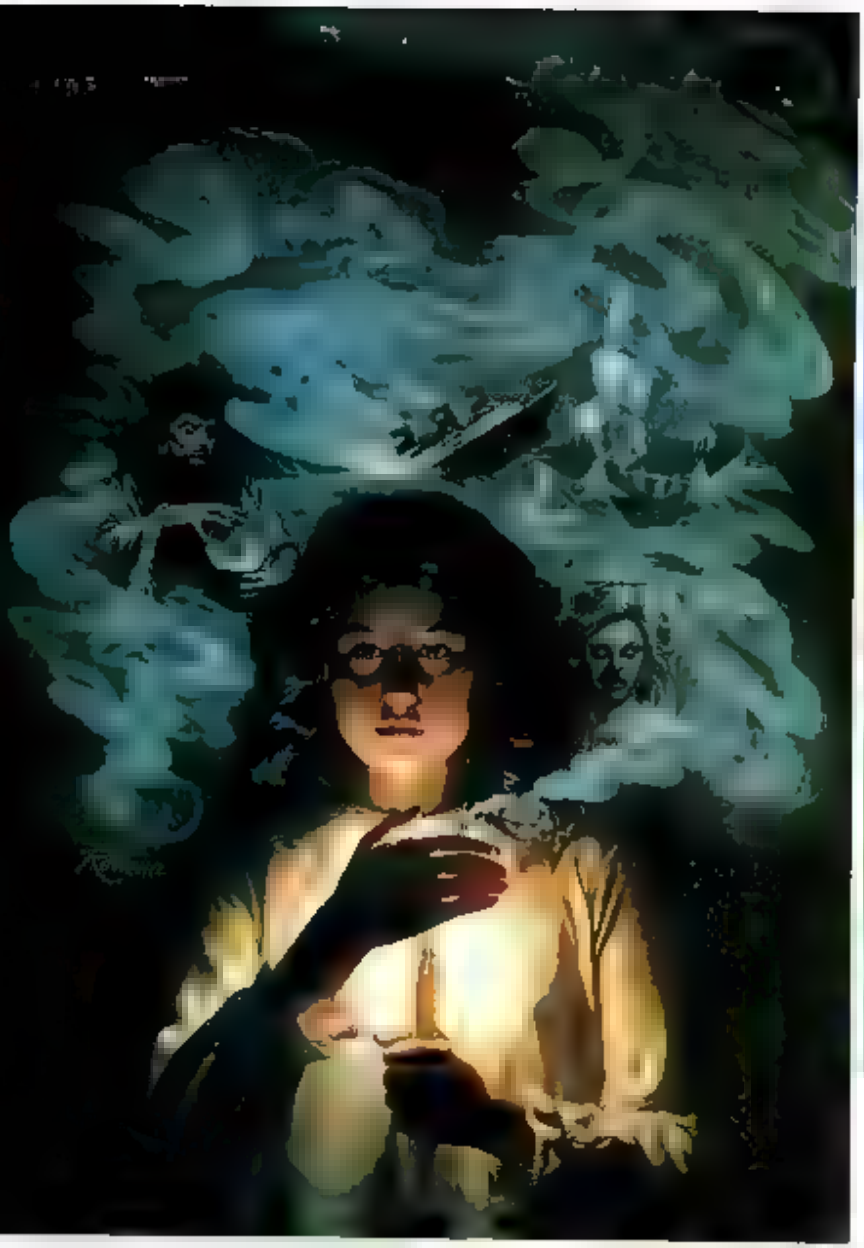
do two of these a week.

solidly and gessly with complete and simple honesty

sources, with all the shadows from each exactly right.

Right. Rowena. No brush marks. Never

Theodore Sturgeon



Ghosts I Have Been

The Golden Swan

Twilight Terror

King Dragon

June 2485

by Todd Klein & Murphy Anderson

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA
THE OUTSIDER

AN INTERVIEW BY ROBERT MORALES

A few moments ago, Francis was saying that he had thought he would always be able to work. That he was not like an athlete, if he lost his legs he could direct from a wheelchair if he lost his sight he could write with a Dictaphone. He said he never realized what he nearly lost—the only thing that counts: his mind.

Eleanor Coppola, *Notes*
November 3, 1976 entry on the making of *Apocalypse Now*

You sit talking with Francis Coppola, spending the first twenty minutes or so trying to reconcile this affable, bright guy with the vivid images you've got floating in your head: helicopters drifting out of a Vietnamese jungle, another huge strip of jungle flaring up in a radiant wound; a peephole view of a shattered Gene Hackman, sitting in a room he's stripped in a search for eavesdropping devices, mournfully playing his saxophone—until you remind yourself how much complexity there is to anyone, how little time you have, *get with it* then it's just like hanging out with somebody in the eye of a party: chatting intensely only in this case the party in question was the rest of the world. Coppola has that sort of casual magnetism, and you're either attracted or repelled.

Not yet forty-five, Coppola is widely acknowledged as one of cinema's certifiable masters. By the time he had reached celebrity status for adapting Mario Puzo's *The Godfather* to the screen in 1972, he'd also already directed four other features: *Dementia 13* (1963), for Roger Corman; the hilarious *You're a Big Boy Now* (1966); *Finian's Rainbow* (1968); and his first serious work, *The Rain People* (1969)—received an Oscar for scripting *Patton*, and founded his own maverick film company, American Zoetrope, with George Lucas as its vice-president. (Beginning with *The Godfather*, Zoetrope has produced all of Coppola's pictures, as well as Lucas's first two, *THX 1138* and *American Graffiti*, Carroll Ballard's *The Black Stallion*, Wim Wenders's *Hammett*, and Caleb Deschanel's *The Escape Artist*—the best unknown film of last year—among others. Established as a brilliant craftsman by *The Godfather*'s critical and financial success, Coppola proceeded to make its 1974 sequel and *The Conversation*. Both films served as evidence of his artistic capabilities: *Godfather II* transformed a slick gangster story into a great American epic; *The Conversation*, originally conceived in the late sixties, hooked onto the nation's Watergate paranoia with its suspenseful portrait of a professional wiretapper wrestling with a moral dilemma. The corruption of the spirit was a dominant theme for the three films, and that idea would find no greater expression than in his next film, *Apocalypse Now*.

F.F.C. All from the heart.

From the beginning of filming in 1976 to its general release in 1979, Coppola's attempt to shape the Vietnam War experience to his own personal vision proved to be the turning point of his life: problems ranging from typhoons to a heart attack for actor Martin Sheen, to Coppola's own difficulties in figuring out a working structure for the film, eventually doubled its costs and plunged its director into a terrible financial hole from which he's only now emerging. Rumors of disaster brought flocks of skeptical reporters to shooting sites in the Philippines, resulting in a breech between Coppola and the press that exists much to this day. These unrelenting pressures sent Coppola into a state of self-doubt that nearly wiped out his marriage and kept him revising *Apocalypse* practically until the day before it opened.

Surviving that, he then went to work on what would essentially be a simple, inoffensive love story and his first major experiment with new video technology, *One from the Heart*.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

ested in the deal.

make it five times in a row, call it Part I, Part II, Part III.

The Godfather, Part II, part of my concept was it be very

ence really rejected it.

at the whole thing and they could see that one was a little more dense or—I don't know what—more serious.

that doesn't really come across until—

FC Unless you see them together.

hour TV version?

who no way I could do it, it would take six months. I do

ment as to what their reaction was. Can you say now?

FC It seems to me that the Vietnamese and even the

from the Vietnamese point of view—that, to me, was the Vietnamese director's job.

"So many people ask me about George Lucas."

What would've been different?

that it had, because that's George's speciality—but it

is so appropriate to that subject matter.

So many people ask me about George.

George was a kid when I met him and I was a guy who

everything George was weak at I was good at. And our

concerned about protecting himself because maybe he

trying to figure out—Maybe you could say the last twenty years represented me learning about movies and maybe in the next twenty years I might make use of what I learned. less as a kind of journeyman and more as someone who knows how to work with style and is able to, for the first time, put together something more like dramatic literature which is where my interest is. I'm not just interested in the movie business -in fact, I become less and less interested each month. I very much want to take a leave of absence. I have other ambitions and ideas and very much would like the chance to write an ambitious personal piece—but I gotta be able to have a year and a half or two years to work, and have never been able to afford that but I do think it's coming very soon. I'm interested in being an artist. In being in the tradition of people who wrote novels in the twenties -maybe I don't have the stuff to be on the level of Thomas Mann. Marcel Proust, James Joyce—but I would like to aspire in that direction. I don't want to aspire to be you know, the Top Grossing Guy all the time

HM: Let's talk about *Rumblefish*. I've heard it's in black-and-white and was wondering what led to that decision

FC: Well, we made two movies in a row, and the idea was *The Outsiders* would be made very much in the style of that book, which was written by a 16-year-old girl, and would be lyrical and poetical, very simple, sort of classic. The other one however *Rumblefish* which she wrote years later, was more adult, kind of Camus for teenagers this existential story. My feeling was, well, what would it be like to really make an art film for older teenagers, and just as we, when we were kids in the fifties, saw Bergman and *Touch of Evil* and Fellini, and all those films which so impressed us what would it be like to make a film today for that audience going to see *Porky's*, and show them the whole arsenal of what movies could be. kind of make a *Peter and the Wolf* of the cinema. Perhaps having seen some of that, they wouldn't tolerate some of the stuff they're given

Because one of the main characters was colorblind, and the colorblindness and deafness of this character was a metaphor—the film is *not* in black-and-white by the way it's hard to say what it is in, but that's part of the texture of it there is color in it, too. I had an idea as one of the main themes of *Rumblefish*, that youth doesn't very often think in terms of time running out for them but in fact time is running out. And as a time motif I hired Stewart Copeland, the drummer for the Police, to perform that idea. So he wrote the music and performed most of it. It was a very laborious job first he created basic rhythm tracks that set up the rhythm of the whole movie. Then he went around and got them in record *different* sounds that were component sounds of that world and adjusted them so their rhythms worked with the percussion rhythms, and made loops out of them, so that as the rhythm of *Rumblefish* goes through, it may be the percussion track then it will be the clanking of the pipes or the horns or the whatever but continuing in the same composition.

Most of what I've been doing since *Apocalypse* has to do with my idea that I'll be able to work in a medium so fluid and so simple that it'll be more like being a cinema-novelist in that you an work somewhat alone and with your small troupe of collaborators maybe at most twelve so that rather than making films in a linear way in which you gather all the little components and glue 'em together and rework them and take them apart, that you work in a more spatial way like in the composition of music. Making films will be more of a performance art—not only for the actors but for the principal artists we'll all get to go somewhere for a month and stay up a lot of nights and, when we leave, there'll be a finished piece of work. I think that's the way it will be ●

Happy hour for Coppola and Dennis Hopper

Coppola ... the set of *Rumblefish* ... Cognac in the side pocket

Matt Dillon, Vincent Spano and Mickey Rourke (left to right) just boys being boys in *Rumblefish*

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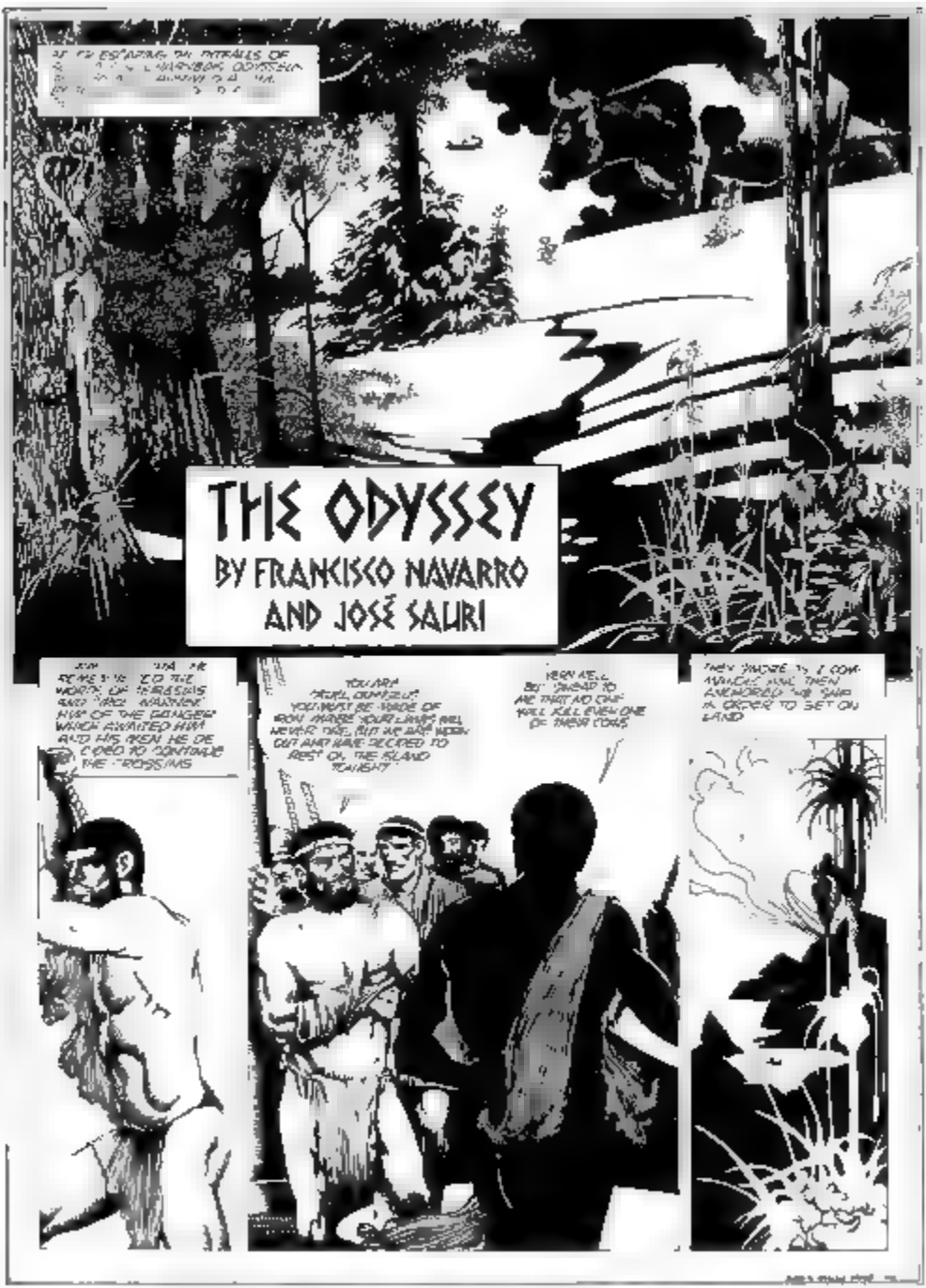
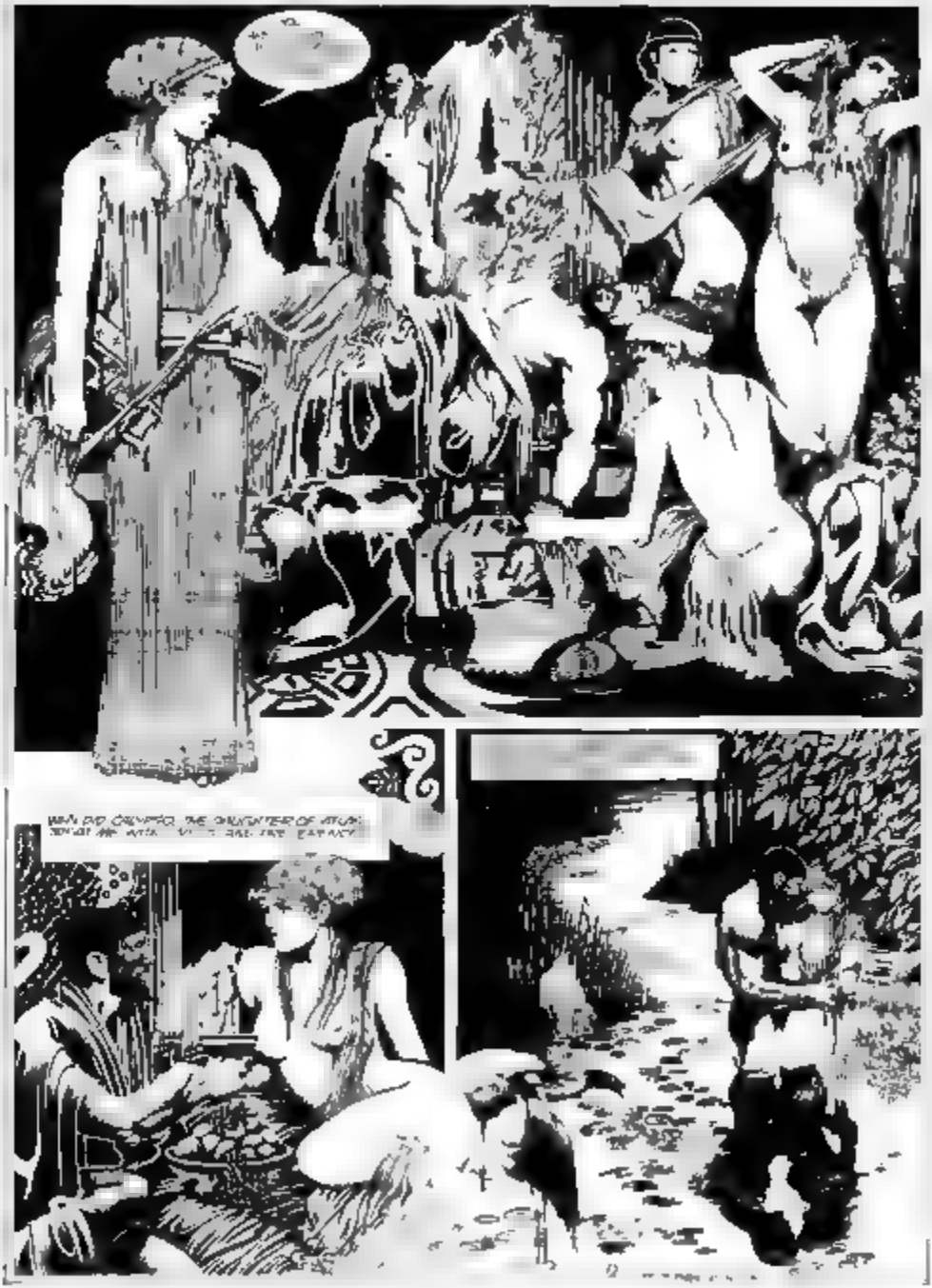

THE ODYSSEY
BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO
AND JOSÉ SAURI
YOU ARE
BRAVE, ODYSSEUS!
YOU MUST BE WARE OF
WOMEN WHERE YOUR LANDS ARE,
NEVER DIE, BUT WE HAVE BEEN
OUT AND HAVE DECIDED TO
REST ON THE ISLAND
AWHILE.
HERE WE...
BY THE WAY TO
ARE THAT NO ONE
WILL KILL EVEN ONE
OF THEIR COWS
THEN, WHERE IS I COM-
MANDS, AND THEN
ASSEMBLED HIS SAILS
IN ORDER TO SET ON
LAND

BACK TO THE FEARFUL
HALFVISION



The Way of the Worlds

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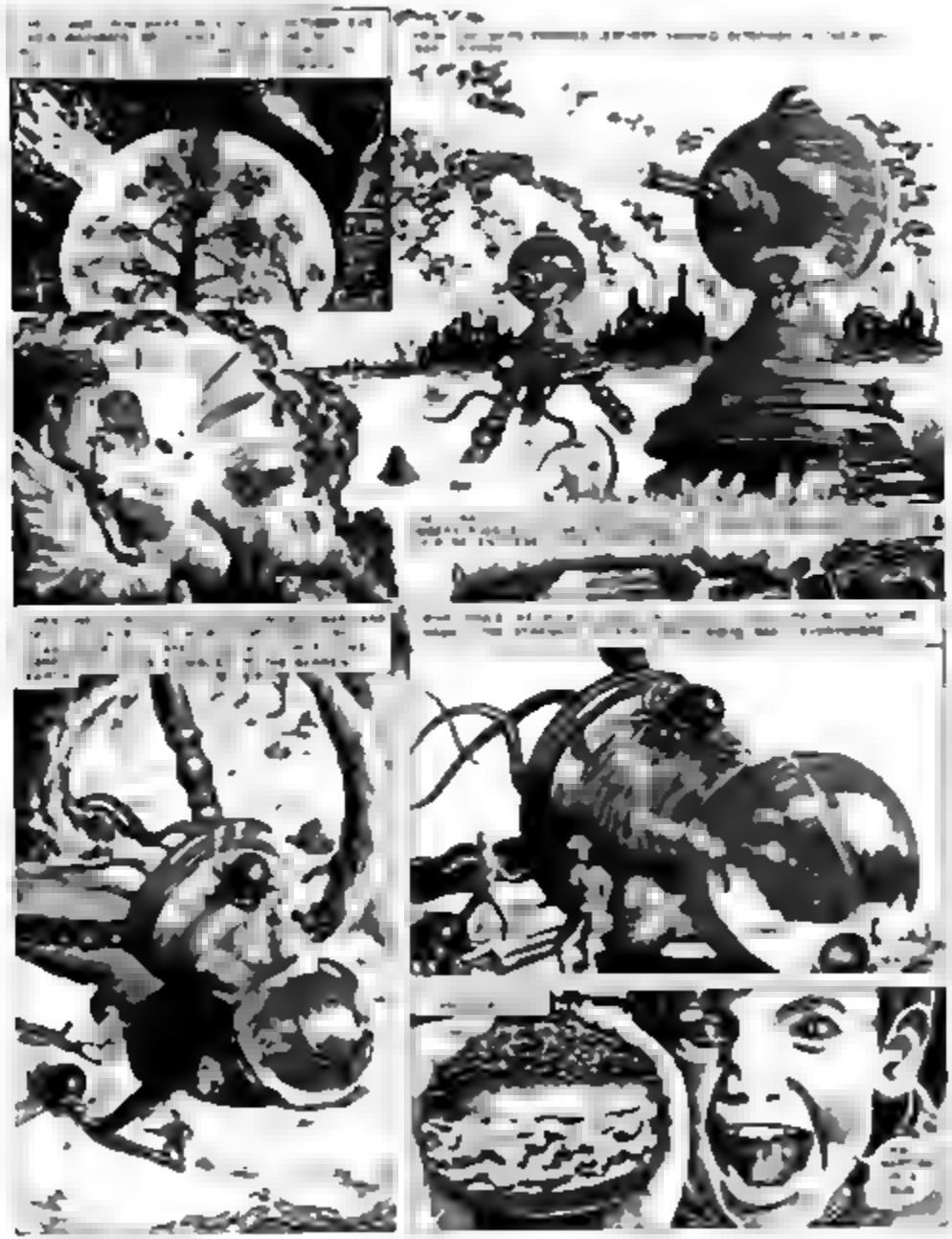

Professor Neutron
TOMMY AND BILLY.. I'M SO GLAD THAT YOU BROUGHT SPIKEY TODAY.
BIOLOGY IS A WONDERFUL SCIENCE, BOYS.. IT'S ABOUT THE MIRACLE OF LIFE!
Pof!
LET'S USE MY SPECIAL SHRINK RAY.. AND TAKE A BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP!
JUST LOOK AT THIS, BOYS! SPIKEY IS MADE UP OF MANY DIFFERENT VITAL ORGANS. EACH ONE IS IMPORTANT IN IT'S OWN WAY

THAT HEART PUMPS MANY THOUSANDS OF GALLONS OF BLOOD EACH YEAR....
SAY BILLY... WATCH OUT! THAT STOMACH CONTAINS SOME PRETTY POWERFUL DIGESTIVE JUICES!
THIS TRIP SURE HAS BEEN ALOT OF FUN. AND I'M SURE IT'S ANSWERED MANY OF YOUR SCIENCE QUESTIONS, BUT.. IT'S TIME THAT WE WERE GETTING BACK TO THE REAL WORLD.
WE'RE BACK!!!
POOM!
SPARKY!
ANIMAL RESEARCH PLAYS AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN THE GATHERING OF SCIENCE INFORMATION.. IT ALLOWS US TO DO RESEARCH ON ANIMALS FIRST.. BEFORE INTRODUCING THE HUMAN ELEMENT. SAY BOYS... NOW THAT WE'RE FINISHED WITH SPARKY... DO EITHER OF YOU HAVE A BABY BROTHER OR SISTER THAT YOU COULD BRING ALONG NEXT TIME?

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I'M AGE
BUT OVER TIME THINGS IN DANGER WITH THE WIND TEND TO THICKEN THEMSELVES.
I'VE SEEN THE BOUGH BREAK WHEN THE WIND BLOWS.
OTHERS TEND TO BEND.
I'VE SEEN THE CRADLE FALL
THERE ARE AMONG US THOSE THICK AS TWO SHORT PLANKS.

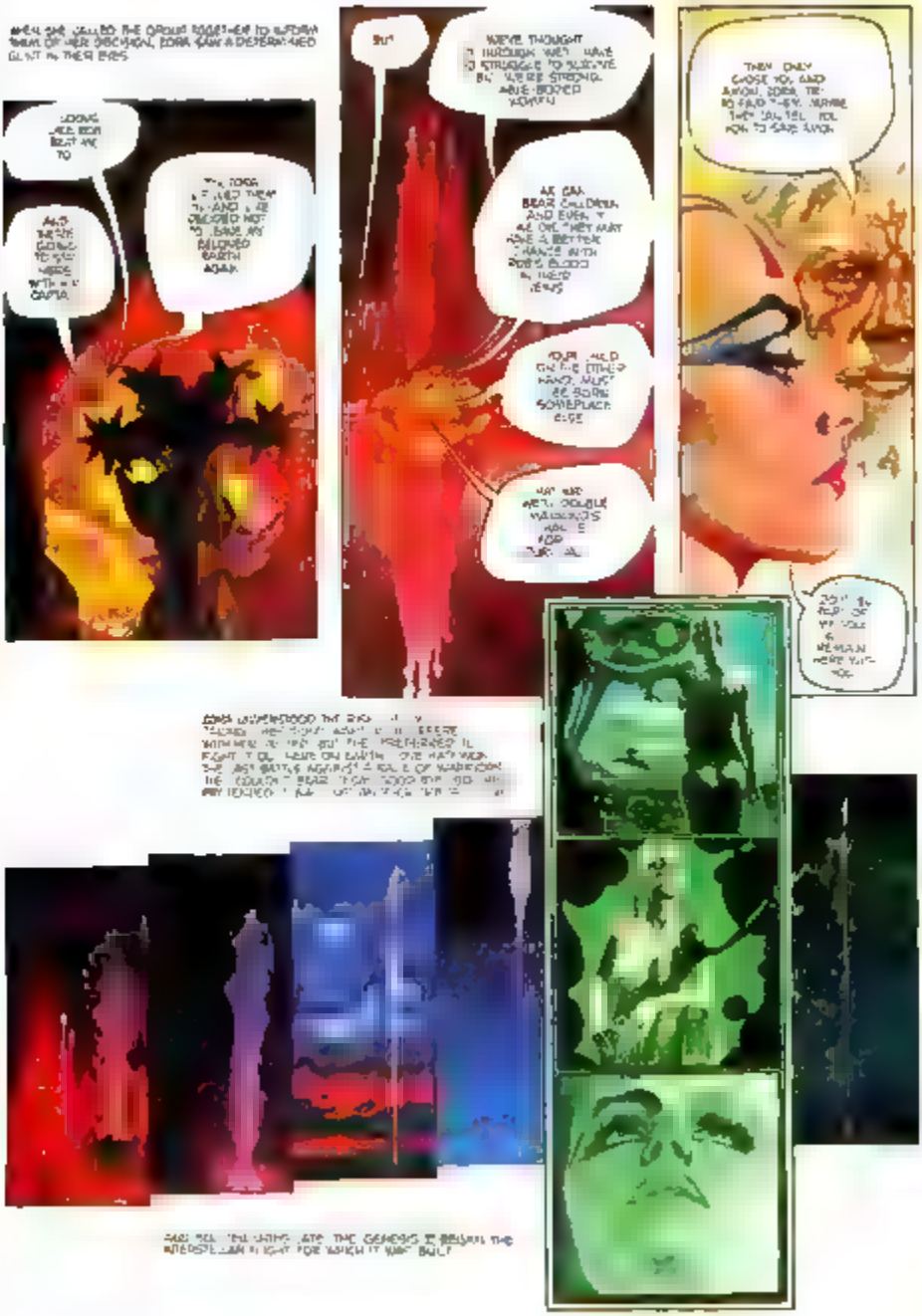
CRASH
BRAM
ZORA
WHEEL
AND PREPARE THE ASSAULT TROOPS TO STORM THE BREACH
WE'VE GOT TO MOVE IN QUICKLY BEFORE THEY REGAIN LOST!

ARISA LEADS THE CHARGE, AND ONE-BY-ONE, SAMURAI'S DEFENSIVE POSITIONS FALL
THE CONTROL ROOM IS NEAR OBJECTIVE. SABRINA ARISA RETURNS TO SETTLE THE SCORE WITH SAMURAI
AND SHE MANAGES IT- BUT AS HER BLADE HASTE ASSASSINATES INTO THE PROGRAM, SAMURAI GETS A CHANCE TO SHOOT FIRST
YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOUR INVITATION!
YES, SOLD YOUR ASS TO THOSE POLICEMEN TO STEAL THE HONEYCOMB FROM ME, BUT NEVER LIVE IT UP
BRAVO
MORE THAN A MEDAL, SAMURAI- I WANT YOUR HEAD ON A STICK!
BRAVO
ARGUST AIR FORCE BRONCO MEGA GUN ALL THE CRIMES ANYONE PULLED IN YOUR LIFE CHARGE SATISFIED
DRAIN SAE HIT THE BUT YOU
THE SELF-DESTRUCT MECHA-ALIEN HAS BEEN ACTIVATED - AND ITS IRREVERSIBLE! WE'VE HAD IT...BUT AT LEAST BORA AND THE CRIMES ARE SAVE
SEE YOU IN HELL WITCH
RUMBLE
RSS SCR
MM

A CHAIN OF EARTHBOUND EXPLOSIONS BURSTS FORTH IN THE PALACE OF LIFE, TREAD THROUGHOUT THE HOMEWORLDS. A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE WHOLE PLANET IS LIKE AN OVERHEATED BOILER ABOUT TO BURST
THE HONEYCOMBS TURNED INTO A BOMB. THEN KNEW THERE AS MUCH MIGHT END IN MANIA SUICIDE.
THEY DID IT FOR US, BOB
AND BECAUSE THEY REFUSED TO SUCCUMB TO SAMEDI'S BLACKMAIL, IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO DESTROY HER. PERHAPS THEIR SACRIFICE MIGHT BE FOR NAUGHT!
BRAAAP
AT THOSE WHO DIED IN THE HONEYCOMBS HEATHED TO KEEP ALIVE AN IDEAL THAT UNITE ALL OF MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS, EVEN UNDER THE MOST HORRIBLE OF CIRCUMSTANCES. THEY DIED FOR THIS IDEAL !
BRAAP

BRONCOS CORPS IS, AND IS, SENT IN THE TOWNS WE HAD ABSORBED IN CENTRAL LOWLAND A TO LIVE IN THE RUINS OF A PLACE THEY HAD FROM HIS PLACE OF BIRTH
THE N ATTACKS AGAINST TOWERS HAD FAILED AGAINST THE RUINED CELLS OF MILLIONS OF HUMANOIDS ALL OF THE STRUCTURES WERE PART OF THE TRACKERS OF A RACE THAT FOLLOWS DISTANT PLANETARY SYSTEMS
AT FIRST A FEW ATTEMPTS AT HYDROPONIC CULTIVATED DOMES SPROUTED FROM THE BARREN CONTINENTS BY THE NEW INHABITANTS WITH MACHINES THEY BROUGHT FROM THE HOMEWORLD THE TEAM CONSISTED OF JOSE ZORA AND ROUP DECAMILLUS
LOOK HOW INTERESTING TO HAVE VISITORS FROM ZEE WORLD
THESE SEEDS WILL GROW INTO PLANTS THAT WILL EXPERIMENTALLY PRODUCE OXYGEN FLOWERS AND ACID PRODUCE US WITH VEGETABLE PROTEINS
NO WAY! I'M NOT EATING ANY OF THOSE GREEN BUGGERS I'D RATHER STARVE
ZORA NEED TO TAKE ME TO YOUR ROOM AND MEDITATE SHOP MANTRAS AND CLEAR MINDS
COLOR BY ADAMSON AL MICRO BE SAVE

DO SOMETHING HAPPEN TO ANDRE?
HE—CALM DOWN. WE JUST COME UP FROM THE SAME MINE HERE. HE GAVE AS DE PORT, BUT WE'VE GOT SOME BIG PROBLEMS HERE AND I WANT YOU TO BE THE FIRST TO KNOW
THE GENESIS II'S COMPUTER TELLS ME THAT THE ATMOSPHERE NEUTRAL USES ON THE DOMED AREAS ARE UNSAFE. EVEN THOUGH THIS AREA HAS THE LOWEST RADIATION LEVEL ON THE PLANET WE CAN'T GO ANYWHERE ELSE AND I'M NOT SURE WHAT LONG TERM EFFECTS THEY WILL HAVE ON THE WOMEN
BUT BEFORE ALL OF YOU DO ANYTHING ELSE ON YOUR JOURNEY CHILD YOU SHOULD RETURN TO THE CATHEDRAL TO AND TAKE OFF AS SOON AS POSSIBLE
GO WHERE DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT
I FOUND SOME STELLAR CARTOGRAPHY MAPS ON BOARD WHICH SHOW THE PLANET IN DETAILED AUSTRALIA
BUT THAT WAS CENTURIES AGO AND YOU SAID YOURSELF THAT'S WHERE THE HARD FROM AGAIN
WHAT'S THERE BUT WHERE'S JAY? WEIRDLY PICKING UP HER CLOTHES
WAIT! JAY! OL
THERE THAT THEY— THE DAYS WHO INTERVENED IN YOUR LIFE ALSO AROUND. MAY BE THE DISSENTIENTS OF THE GENESIS II CREW
MARY ELIZABETH BRADLEY KNEW HIS THEORY WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE A LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT THAT COULD NOT BE DISCOUNTED.
FOR HOURS SHE GAZED THE FROZEN FAMILIAR CONTINENTS, CONTEMPLATING THIS STRANGE AND DESOLATE PLANET, PRAYING FOR THE DEATH SENTENCE CAST UPON IT BY SELFISH INHABITANTS. WHICH SHE WAS POWERLESS TO ALTER. THEN SHE MADE HER DECISION. THEY'D HAVE TO TAKE A JOURNEY


WHEN SHE CALLED THE GROUP TOGETHER TO INFORM THEM OF HER ORIGINAL PLAN, EDNA SAW A DETERMINED GLINT IN THEIR EYES
LOOKING LIKE BEAR BEAT ME TO IT
AND THERE GOING TO KILL HIM WITH A CRAPPIE
THIS TOOK A LITTLE THEAT TO AND I AM ORDERED NOT TO BARE MY ALLOWED EARTH AGAIN
BUT
WE'VE THOUGHT THROUGH THEY HAVE TO STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE BUT WERE STRONG AND BOOKED ADAPTU
AS DAL BEAR CALLDEN AND EVEN IF WE ONE MEET MAY GIVE A BETTER CHANCE WITH BOBS BLOOD IN THEIR VEINS
YOUR HELD GAME EITHER HAND MUST BE BORN SOMEPLACE ELSE
MAY WE METAL DOUBLE MAGICKS HAVE E FOR
THEN ONLY CHOSE YOU AND AMON, EDNA TRIED TO TELL HIM, BUT HE WOULD NOT LISTEN. SHE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO SAVE HIM.
EDNA UNDERSTOOD THAT EVEN IF THEY FAILED, HER PEOPLE WOULD NOT BE FREE WITHOUT A WAR. BUT THE PREPARED TO FIGHT TO DEATH ON EARTH. SHE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE A FULL OF WARRIOR THE COUNTRY BEAR TOOK TOO TO HIS
AND SO THE LIONS ATE THE CHRISTIANS BELIEVING THE INTERSTELLAR FIGHT FOR WHICH IT WAS BUILT

HERE DES' NAY ICH A TRUE WARRIOR RACE AND FUTURE WORLD WRESTLE FAR FROM THE EARTH FROM THE SOLAR SYSTEM SOMEWHERE IN THE REACHES OF DEEP SPACE
THE END

#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts Roger the paranoid puppet, Corben dusting Armies, the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE '77: Moebius's Rock Opus highly praised Arzach by the coming of Dan's World Apart Moebius Corben, Bode more

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius As each part of The Long Tomorrow conclusion of Sunpet

#5/AUGUST '77: The saga of Paloma's begins The Long Tomorrow concludes and World Apart and Den continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more World Apart Den, and Paloma's back again yet more

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodora Sturgeon Moebius's Arzach's Garage Den and Paloma's back again yet more

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rembaud conclusions for Paloma and World Apart

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete Vuzz by Druillet Fetishist Foot by Chaykin and Wrap plus full-color Corben Macedo Claveloux and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny tale and Richard's tale Ulysses Conquering Armies concludes. Den continues

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and cover scenes by Hino plus Moebius Corben & all

#12/MARCH '78: Breathtaking Orion debuts courtesy of Guy Marrow more Barbarella Den and Dan

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page epic from Paradox 2 and Barbarella goes both wild Den wraps up

#14/MAY '78: Orion the Mad wages bye-bye but Orion and Barbarella continue and Alix hand big hit

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Snakepiss Sturgeon's classic Mars Then Human is illustrated more Barbarella and the origins of Hadman

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996 resumption of Druillet's Vuzz more Hadman Orion Mars Then Human and Corben's Arabian Nights

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: Extermintor 17 Ellison's illustrated Glass Goblin debut of Mckie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous, part-visual

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of The Double Chapter Emperor more Sindbad Exterminator Wiggs Grubert Hadman & much-much more

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with Orion Kirchner's Taroc, and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts here and Druillet concludes Gail plus McKie and Corben How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY '79: Galactic Geographic Starcrown Corben's Sindbad Mckie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous, plus Moebius Bilal and Macedo

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's The Stars My Destination Starcrown II and Ellison's tale show

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Druillet's Orion and a Prause joke) 15 stories including Corben Morrow, the illustrated Alien

#27/JUNE '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Boek's Zooks premieres, Corben's Snakepiss concludes Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with New Ark City plus Marjane Satrapi Galactic Tale graphic Book more

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: Eric Buch Rogers a weird naming 'Enys and Little Red V-3 alongside Moebius and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft with Moebius Breese Druillet Suydam others

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Lots of great stories for Corben's 'Rowl' Bode's Zooks Brunner's Eric Chaykin's The Stars My Destination Moebius and more

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kriss Suydam Sinak Thing Wee Druillet and Ellison

#34/JANUARY '80: A new year new decade begins with new look for mag with debut of 8 new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan conclusion of Corben's 'Rowl' and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Courtain cover accents this edition of the Corben's The Beast of War tor begins Mckie experiments with the Air Pump and we join Matt How-arth on a cracked spaceship

#36/MARCH '80: Why did The Dreamers take Jeanhagle? Read the Schuiten Peeters epic! Plus Corben Moebius Moebius and Lee Marrs Good Vibrations

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue 72 pages of Chaykin in living color, final installment of Moebius's Arzach Garage plus Caza Bilal Mcnaught Corben Bode and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Ajax ever find out? Will Champagne reach the Doctor in time? Will Joe shack up with the alien Marilyn too? We'll never tell!

#39/JUNE '80: Champagne meets his first alien Captain Swann saves the day And when Champagne the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

#40/JULY '80: The Alchemist Supreme continues Arzac tipping with about sidekick Muskly Bute's Progress begins and Moebius returns with Shore Leave

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with The 1st installment of Salamandre while Moebius concludes Shore Leave (back in print!) Bell continues Progress

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bell's Progress! pops up again Large Color Paul Kirchner Lee Duggins conclude big events, while Rick Obrien gets drunken girl

#43/OCTOBER '80: SORRY — SOLD OUT

#44/NOVEMBER '80: With the Shogun soon ashore, this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is dollar for dollar moment inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius Kaluta, Sprangell and Bilal!

#45/DECEMBER '80: SORRY SOLD OUT!

#46/JANUARY '81: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81: SORRY SOLD OUT!

#48/MARCH '81: The Arcane John Findley's epic Western begins What is Reality Page? and The Ambassador of the Shadows continues Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic Salammbo ends Paul Hatton Fibbon's short tale of gay persecution in America

#49/APRIL 8: Ar and he Nazis Corben's Bloodstar Gimenez & Grandpre Soleil Harvey Kurtzman's Bacchus from Epoch and an interview with Judd Rabkin Dim Think we could do it in one shot did ya?

#50/MAY 81: Previews of Chaykin's Cody Starbuck and Bell's The Immortal Fate Plus Suydam's The Toe Bridge and William S Burroughs an immortality

#51/JUNE 8: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview Jon Starwood's adaptation of Quicksand premieres Howarth's Changes winds up Plus Caza Chaykin Chaplin and our Jane Wormtail!

#52/JULY 81: SORRY SOLD OUT!

#53/AUGUST 81: SORRY SOLD OUT

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER '81: SORRY SOLD OUT!

#56/NOVEMBER '81 Jaroslaw's Egg of the World. Jeff Jones' Beginnings and Bill Sienkiewicz the art of Lee and Dave Dillon beautifully

#57/DECEMBER '81 SORRY SOLD OUT

#58/JANUARY '82 Our Happy Future issue includes Alex Ross and Voss Hi and Gillon and The Autonomous Man by Dave Cloud-Rose and Bates. All surrounded by Crespo and Simonson Segovia's Starlords et al

#59/FEBRUARY '82 Begins with a further adventure of John Dodd in The Incal Light. Wein and Chaykin's G-Force Feud goes gang-again. Plus Fernandez Jones Schaffen et al

#60/MARCH '82: Our 2nd Special Rock issue featuring Dick Materna's A Life in the Day, a surrealistic look at the life of Jerry Lemon. Lee Garcia's Move ? pegged Elton Murphy brings us the Day's Out. Plus our regulars Maleczky Dan Rock Opera etc Enjoy

#61/APRIL '82 Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of style and what with Chaykin Druillet Moebius Gillon and an inkjoy on J.G. Ballard you have only until our 6th

#62/MAY '82 In this issue we end you the 1st part of David Beck's Third Sexual Revolution and let you look at The Art of Da Ei Schwarzbeger. Plus Sutton and Vanilla by Ted White and Val Lakey

#63/JUNE '82 We proudly bring you our Fantastic Case issue with artists Voss Caza Sciezi and R Crumb. All surrounded by regulars Druillet Mezieux Schuiten and Fernandez Enjoy

#64/JULY '82: Mandala and it comes a strange day at the Circus and pages from Corben's Fights to Fantasy. Plus Jones Gillon Chaykin etc

#65/AUGUST '82 We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's Freak Show and Pini and Manera's The Ape. Plus the Angle of The Incal Light by Moebius and Jodorowsky

#66/SEPTEMBER '82 We give you Heath's Mutant Vision with Face Lupoff's Baroom and Hanga Object. Plus our regulars Beal Fernandez Kierkegaard et al

#67/OCTOBER '82 You'll have a Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. It has everything from Edgar Allan Poe to the weirdest photos possible. Don't read alone. P.S. Last part of Black's Third Sexual Revolution

#68/NOVEMBER '82 Part 3 of Kaluta's Starstruck. Freddy's Tale begins continues to down Don't and Chaykin's Wrapped. Plus a peek at Wrightson's Necronomicon book's Great Reunion

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Visit Stone Gallery the other of Suydam's Mudwog and Mark Fisher's Amelia Mach. Plus our regulars Corben Farnandez and Kierkegaard

#70/JANUARY '83: We bring the strange conclusion to Wrightson's Freak Show a look at The Dark Crystal and our regulars Manera Corben Farnandez etc Happy reading

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film The Entity. Ken Dahl's Eating Raoul and our regulars Corben Kaluta Crespo etc

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Dan and Kelly and a warm welcome to Bears City that Didn't Exist. A Gallery on Robert Williams plus Manera Kaluta and more

#73/APRIL '83 Moebius's The Twinkle in Fifdegan's Eye and Silver's The Odyssey along with Kaluta Crespo and John Workman

#74/MAY '83 Kaluta and Lee's Starstruck Starstruck Marlow ends the robots detective and the conclusion of Manera and Pini's The Ape. Surrounded nicely by Insect a front cover by Frank Riley and a back by Rick Meyerowitz!

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's Doomcult the end of Chaykin's The Man from Horizon and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller Spacehunter

#76/JULY '83: Bernard's Rampage the end of Kaluta's Starstruck for the time being an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's Dinosaur Tales

#77/AUGUST '83 A Ho and Jodorowsky's The Small Earth worm about Gardener's A Matter of Time appears and Captain Beefheart is interviewed all behind a Beaver Cub [illegible] all over

HEAVY METAL

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Hey,Chan
Finders,Keepers

--on the Council of Elves, Dwarves and--
Hey,who re you calling a dwarf? I'm a hobbi
AARGH!
How do you guys ar manage to live here such harmony?
It's just hat we've had to join forces against our common enemy--
Most bid,big creatures called Men You can t rive h them and you can ve w thout them
Where we spoke we watched a pha of smoke rise from the rooftops into the sky

To Be Continued...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©

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